

# WAR AND WORSHIP

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By HENRY BEDLOW



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# WAR AND WORSHIP;

## *A POEM,*

BY

HENRY BEDLOW.

CONVICTIONS BASED ON RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVOLTS OF 1848.

While the officers attached to the expedition under the command of Lieut. W. F. Lynch were camped at Ain-Jiddy (En Gedi) on the shores of the Dead Sea, a messenger from Jerusalem brought tidings of the revolutionary state of Europe and the spirit of "Popular Rule" animating all parties arrayed against the dominant powers. The following verses were suggested at the time and place above mentioned, roughly sketched in Syria, and completed in Palestine and New York.

HENRY BEDLOW.

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## WAR AND WORSHIP.

### I.

'Mid palms and cacti bivouacked,  
Reclused from worldly cark and care,  
A din of conflict freights the air,  
And cloistral calm with tumult racked.

Clairaudient in my solitude,  
Yet dubious if the stir proclaim  
A strife in Freedom's cherished name,  
Or mock heroics of a feud ;

Some factious brawl, corrupt in deed ;  
A demagogic enterprise,  
To cozen, dupe and victimize  
The purblind gulls of others' greed ;

Its hurly-burly warlike made,  
With cannon roar and clarion ring,  
And yet a ruffian ranting thing,  
A brawling mob's fanfaronade ;

Or rallying slogan, wild huzza,  
Rude shock of armies, hissing bombs,  
The carbine-clatter, roll of drums,  
The maddening, murderous coil of war ;

Its 'larums weird, its frenzied shrieks  
Of women in sacked cities, when  
The red streets clogged with armèd men,  
But dead—each finding him she seeks.

And clairvoyant, do I behold  
A vision of portentous scope,  
All serfdom marshalling to cope  
With despotisms manifold ?

A fond prophetic sight that sees  
The bonds of slave and villeinage,  
Rent in the stress of manhood's rage :  
The doom of old feudalities ?

## II.

Will Freedom once more count her gains ?  
Will outraged masses heed her calls,  
And, firm of purpose, rend the thralls  
And fetters of a race in chains ?

Can this be riff-raff hate of Law ?  
Or slavery so debased the man  
That bugle-blast and rataplan  
Signal for Riot, not for War ?

Or, feudatory forces spent,  
Do serfs behold with ravished eyes  
The light of Freedom's dawn, and rise  
Rejoicing in the glad portent ?

Or see with slumbrous gaze the gleams,  
To take the sluggard's drowsy view,  
And, folding arms, turn to renew  
The sorc'ry of beguiling dreams ?

Has alien rule their souls debauched,  
Accepting fate, nor wroth nor shamed,  
Where unmarred manhood would have flamed  
Like rick and harvest riot-torched ?

As if the war-drum's loud alarms,  
Its rhythmic throb and wild tattoo,  
Were but a mirthful mob's halloo,  
And not a fervid call to arms ?

### III.

Resigned to darkness, will they cast  
Their blinkard-eyes on light and rail,  
Or, roused to loftier aims, prevail  
Against the slave's ignoble past ?

Frenzied with Power's long abuse,  
The doors of mercy on them shut,  
Do they arise resolved to put  
Their helot thews to Freedom's use ?

Seeing her dayspring rout the gloom,  
And all their wrongs, as phantoms dire,  
Fleeing like herds from prairie fire,  
To perish in predestined doom ;

They whom an empire, ruthless strong,  
By tithe and tax and wanton wars,  
To outrage, spoil and greed, no pause,  
Have maddened with inhuman wrong,

To whom the hate of despot brings  
Revolt to break their galling chain,  
And summons manhood back again,  
Ere throttled in the clutch of kings ;

Awaiting not the law's repeal,  
Which might a milder sway ordain,  
But steeled no longer to remain  
Coerced, beneath the iron heel,

Have now submission's limits reached,  
And slave, transfigured to the Man,  
Make Insurrection lead their van,  
Marching with Havoc's hounds unleashed,

In undrilled Riot's huddled strife,  
Where License reigns, and Law is dumb,  
And individual rights succumb  
With equities of civic life.

IV.

Is it a rascal rabble-trick ?  
Is Freedom's purpose festered thus ?  
And this mere sputum and the pus  
Of ulcerous bodies politic,

Corrupt at heart ? their aim to rob,  
To roister, ravage, loot and kill ;  
Murder, the Sergeant of their drill,  
Their force's Sovereign head, King Mob ?

Who would not have the wide world free  
From Absolutism's reckless whims ;  
And hear rejoicing "Sanctus" hymns  
Of franchised hosts to Liberty ?

Loved Liberty ! man is not loth  
To own Semitic cult for thee,  
Thou threefold Holy Deity !  
Freemen's " Lord God of Sabaoth."

While no base acts their aims betray,  
This is not venal, but doth wear  
Veridic Revolution's air :  
Let Freedom bless the bold essay.

V.

She comes to judgment ! Sovereign Lords,  
Anointed Kings, Khedives, Bashaws,  
Satraps and Sultans, Kaisers, Tsars,  
Caliphs and Khans, tyrannic hordes,

Beneath whose rod of mastery pine  
A world of tributary souls,  
Defenseless under loathed controls,  
Mocking a godhead Right-Divine,

The days of expiation dawn !  
Retributive upon her throne,  
The lightnings belted at her zone,  
Her straight brows trenched in righteous scorn—

She sits ; her clear, imperious eyes  
Glowing with holy flame, which lights  
Oppressive wrong, and thus invites  
The verdict of her dread assize.

Or, ranging through the realms, her tread  
Startles old empires and despair,  
Makes cheeks of ruling tyrants wear  
The blenching of a fateful dread.

VI.

Great mother of the earth's oppressed,  
To thy sole refuge turn for aid,  
The wronged, down-trodden and betrayed,  
To be of thy true-cheer possessed.



Then comes the hour, for come it must,  
When misrule bears such foul renown,  
That sceptre and the triple crown  
Roll in a world-wide battle dust.

These are but symbols ! still through these  
Have come man's many woes and worst :  
Both priest and king have proved accurst,  
And sorrow's drafts drank to the lees.

## VII.

Strange ! that laws judged by modern lights,  
Mere Custom based on ancient wrong,  
Should yet, maleficent and strong,  
Be chronicled as vested rights ;

That Title, Privilege and Caste,  
In Usurpation's womb conceived,  
And birth in violence achieved,  
Should rule us from the barb'rous past.

Homage exacted as a due  
To an ancestral "What Has Been,"  
The enforcement of an ancient lien  
Upon the freedom of the New.

A parasitic vogue no less,  
This servile sycophantic fawn  
To bonded Midas ; trucklings borne  
To Title—low-bred caddishness

Transmitted from past feudal days,  
And now to Caste precedence trends :  
Such bent needs drastic purge, to cleanse  
Republics from Patrician sways.

## VIII.

Though Biblic-gloze of slavery bar  
The slave's revolt, be not perplexed ;  
Presumptuous priestcraft forged the text :  
For Freedom, strife is Holy War.

To Revolutions she has given  
True warrant for revolt ; as though  
An archangelic trump should blow  
Authoritative right from Heaven.

Then as when earthquakes rend a realm,  
And down through ravine, gulch and rent,  
Structures unbased are headlong sent,  
Mountains arise, and floods o'erwhelm ;

So when her tremors stir all hearts,  
Yawn gulfs, from Right divorcing Wrong ;  
Old tottering frauds, not over-strong,  
Vanish in void ; Freethought upstarts.

Freethought ! strong utt'rance ! bold ideas !  
Beneath whose firm, diffusive strength  
Roll priestcrafts, creeds and thrones at length,  
The mockery of enfranchised years.

IX.

They wake a tumult in the heart,  
These despots of a life's brief hour,  
With their fastastic freaks of power,  
Forcing just rule and right apart ;

A God's indissoluble plan  
Dishonored by besotted fools,  
Whose Saturnalias of misrules  
Debauch the manhood of the man.

When wrong makes civic progress halt,  
And man's rule null, 'twill ever be  
Brought clear to view, that he may see  
Some broken Law of God the fault ;

A Law which cannot know divorce  
From the God-purpose it enfolds.  
Never to be repealed, it holds  
Eternally effective force.

A truth for endless time enscrolled,  
Results of His disprizèd laws,  
Effects, as sternly following cause,  
Were Cosmos back to Chaos rolled.

On wrongful act amend will hinge,  
And Retribution's gates swing wide,  
For efflux of that ruthless tide,  
That baleful justice called Revenge.

When direful "Reigns of Terror" come,  
And "Right Divine" and "Privilege"  
Pay bloody tribute to the rage  
Of the aroused, red-handed Slum ;

Then Crime holds Freedom as its fag,  
While Riot masquerades as War,  
With License in triumphal car,  
And Liberty a murderous hag.

X.

Now hamlet, town, and seething mart,  
A Revolution's force controls ;  
The throbbing drums and carmagnoles,  
Rhythmic with passion's wrathful heart.

The Babeled streets are swarmed, as when  
Sounds the red revelry of war,  
While yells and cursings, near and far,  
Reveal the headlong rage of men.

A raucous clamor fills the air,  
With hint of peril in its ring,  
Harsh, truculent and menacing,  
From mobs which threaten and which dare.

Discord by day each region roams,  
A nameless dread pervades the nights,  
Darkness made lurid with the lights  
Of blazing ricks and flaming homes.

Men gaze with fierce, malignant stare,  
In every face dread purpose lies ;  
Mouths closed determinedly, and eyes  
Spectral with hunger or despair.

Children anæmic, want-distressed,  
And haggard mothers, carcass-thin,  
Beg with a skull's horrific grin,  
As if their deathful stint were jest.

No whining beggar's sniveled cant,  
No cringing cadger's feigned distress,  
But supplicating eyes, express  
Famine's unutterable want.

All tender hearts compassion wrings,  
For frenzy shows in varied ways ;  
Some kneel in prayer, or in their craze  
Curse God, and drop to die—poor things !

Scenes to bring tears and pale the cheek,  
Unless one's soul is self-immersed,  
Or with the cynic's nature cursed,  
And heart as hard as Burmah-teak.

XI.

The masses, fierce and malcontent,  
So long from human rights estranged,  
Resolve to have subjection changed  
By Battle's grim arbitrament.

Where'er despotic Force parades,  
There stern opposing Manhood stands  
And women flout its hireling bands  
From roofs and bristling barricades.

Is this the mad, protesting shriek  
Of suffering peoples, roused at length  
To action, measuring wrathful strength  
With that brute face that kept them weak?

Grave Discontent's disorder tends  
To broader issues; gathering throngs,  
Inflamed by speech and martial songs,  
Riot in Revolution ends.



And thus æsthetic form essays,  
While crowds by swift accretion swell,  
With hostile forces, equable,  
And drilled in war's strategic ways.

Kingdoms by feud and faction rent,  
From town and village, vale and holt,  
Battalioned serfdoms in revolt,  
These rustic legions supplement.

## XII.

To free their race from slavery's ban,  
Armies to battle-fields pass by,  
To prove how Christ-like men can die,  
In ransom of their brother-man.

In sullen bitterness with wrong,  
Instinct with freedom's earnest bent,  
Souls with envenomed passions rent,  
With torrent purport speed along.

Throughout the night the stir is heard  
Of tramping multitudes ; nor ceased  
When the vague dawn-light in the east  
Roused earliest chirp of waking bird.

When from the dusk evolved the day,  
Onward still streams the human tide,  
Afar and near, and spreading wide  
O'er fell and field and dusty way.

The farmer from the half-ploughed soil,  
The coulter in the furrow left,  
The craftsman in his calling deft,  
Drudges, in coarser forms of toil ;

From handicrafts of every turn,  
From foundry, stithy, forge and mill,  
From factory, furnace, loom and till,  
Come yeomen, peasant, churl and kern.

Trade quits its counter, clerks their desks ;  
Tailor on yardstick binds his shears,  
And with him follow pikes and spears  
Alike extempored, war's grotesques.

The weaver spurns his loom and thrums,  
To web and shuttle gives the slip,  
Marching in martial fellowship  
With rabble from the teeming slums.

The miner hurries from the pit,  
The smuttied collier shirks his work ;  
The cook, with bold, belligerent jerk,  
Unscabbards from the roast, the spit.

Beside the stripling, war-imbued,  
Steps bookish-scholar, no more bowed ;  
The city bully, bold and loud,  
Now aptly in the hostile mood.

In labor's homely guise they come,  
In all a warlike bent abounds,  
While near and far-afield resounds  
The loud tantara of the drum.

With "tally ho" some keep the pace,  
As if the game were up and gone,  
And cry of "yoiks" and winding horn  
Were a "tantivy" to the chase.

XIII.

The fields are mantled green with May,  
Yet hosts which tramp above that sod,  
Come not to view the works of God  
In springtide's radiant array—

But eyes with lurid glitter lit,  
With volleyed shot, and bayonets fixed,  
Striving, in battle-wrangle mixed,  
To put God's image under it.

With sons of toil the hill-scarps swarm,  
Not clad in gala-dress of war,  
But every heart firm to the core,  
And sombre as a rising storm.

The clamor of the forming crowd,  
A muttering distant thunder seems ;  
Their eager bayonets' restless gleams,  
The lightning of that lurid cloud.

What fearlessness has Freedom lent  
To them, so dareful-glad to die?  
Once abject bondsmen, they defy  
The power that seemed omnipotent.

Though battle-clang their requiem,  
'Tis life—life of the baited slave—  
That holds more terror than the grave,  
More dread than sudden death to them.

#### XIV.

Embattled on the vantage-slopes  
Of the free hills, their legions lure  
A myriad eyes—the cynosure  
And pole-star of a people's hopes ;

There, like inexorable Fates,  
Their serried lines afar defined ;  
Rude-weaponed—yet for war aligned,  
Facing the foes that Freedom hates ;

Their smelted ploughshares wrought to guns :  
When scythes as swords from scabbards leap,  
They who have sown the wind will reap  
The whirlwind ! so the adage runs.

For like a cloud-burst these will pour  
Their levy on the hated foe,  
In undammed cataclysmic flow,  
With inundating rush and roar.

XV.

When Freedom like a power divine,  
Turning the dew that wets the plain  
Red with the blood of votaries slain,  
The water once more changed to wine ;

The soil that the libation quaffs  
Will ever be renowned for breed  
Of valiant men and noble deed—  
Such magic have her wizard drafts.

From action there is still surcease,  
While on the slopes, which dew still wets,  
Glint, meteor-like, the bayonets,  
Where Freedom holds her fortalice.

From ranks now mute no sound is heard  
Above the voices of command,  
In tragic preparation stand  
The columns which await "the word."

XVI.

The vision changes! On the plains  
An onslaught rages fierce and fell,  
The uproar of a dread pell-mell,  
Where men are fiends, and torment reigns.

The sylvan landscape, dew impearled,  
With nature's sorrow seems tear-wet,  
Veiled tragedies, by sight unmet,  
In fire-mist of battle furled.

The file-fires of the legions flash,  
And, 'neath the tread of hostile men,  
The meadows lie a quaggy fen  
With wild-flowers in a sodden splash.

The scene grim havoc's home appears,  
With shot-ploughed pastures, fallowed leas,  
Torn woodland groves, whose wounded trees,  
Weeping their hurt, shed ambered tears,

Blight, waste and ruin, near and far,  
Ravage and devastation dire,  
Soil swept as by a prairie fire ;  
All sylvan charm dispelled by war ;

The vale and meadow, moor and heath,  
Stamped deep with desolation's brand,  
Battle and Murder's Promised Land,  
A trysting-place of Man, with Death !



XVII.

The limpid stream that wound along,  
    Melodious in its sinuous run,  
    A liquid Memnon, which the sun  
Seemed to have touched to endless song,

Lies swamped throughout its placid bed,  
    Pent up in pools its minstrel flow,  
    Its meadow-course a dismal slough,  
Its ferns and mosses guled with red.

Disks of the daisies, vermeil-dyed,  
    Their ivoried rays now death-like white—  
    In dabbled grass a piteous sight—  
With paler dead lie side by side.

XVIII.

The brazen tubes of bugles blare,  
    And, like a strident storm of steel,  
    I see the dragoons charge, and reel  
Before the volleying hollow square.

Dense, serried ranks meet the assault,  
And as when billows smite the bluff,  
Baffled, recoil at its rebuff,  
And, like spent force, collapse or halt ;

They halt, retreat, reform, recharge ;  
Again the deadly volleys sound ;  
The unhorsed, bleeding, strike the ground,  
Their steeds, unreined, fly wild, at large.

A decimated force reforms  
To breast that death-evolving square,  
And, in heroic frenzy, dare  
The blizzards of its leaden storms.

With rowels dripping red, these ride ;  
Upon their saddles bending low,  
As if saluting Death, they go,  
For freedom will not be denied.

XIX.

Slain horses heaped in battle's stress,  
Serve "coignes of vantage" for a few  
To force the foremost files, and hew  
A pathway for the rearward press.

From mounded slain their horses span  
The bristling space with mighty leaps ;  
Crushing the line in mangled heaps,  
Its bayonets goring horse and man.

The barrier yields, thus brayed and trussed,  
While, through the swirl of smoke and murk,  
The sabres flash relentless work,  
Aided by pike and spear-head thrust.

A stalwart few with hearts aflame,  
Against outnumbering forces hurled,  
Make records that amaze the world—  
Hewing a bloody path to fame.

Like pioneers in wildwoods free,  
With score and mark and boles laid low,  
These through the human jungle go—  
Blazing a road to Liberty.

The broken square, in wild mêlée,  
Engirt as by a garrot-belt  
Of pike and sabre, sink and melt,  
As snowflakes in a scrolling sea.

Strewed lie the wounded, heaped the slain,  
Within those lines so torn and trenched  
By battle-bolts, and storms that drenched  
The summer dust with purple rain.

XX.

The loud-lunged cannon's seismic shocks,  
The hurly-burly of the war,  
By peaceful herdsmen heard afar  
As roar of seas on basalt rocks ;

The scud of battle's murk and rack,  
Sweeping o'er fields to distant shires,  
Goads in King Mob restrained desires  
For foray, plunder, rape and sack.

Clamor enhanced by stert'rous lungs,  
By hoot and gibe and ribald shouts,  
By quip and sneer and scoffing flouts,  
A frenzied tournament of tongues ;

The ring of sabres, helmets split,  
The bayonet's fret in struggle locked ;  
The rush, the roar, the brave hearts shocked  
By death-cries of their comrades, hit ;

The *ping* of bullets, rifle-spced,  
The *swish* of balls, the *screech* of shells,  
The savage dash and demon yells  
Of ranks when they behold their dead !

Impetuous hoofs the earth affray  
When reinforcements hurtle past,  
And as before the stormwhirl blast,  
The rooted ranks, like forests, sway.

Colliding masses undulate,  
Embattled forces ebb and flow,  
Fortune, perplexed to which side go,  
Swayed by a vacillating Fate.

XXI.

When seas, gale-driven, raid the land,  
Fretting away the beveled beach,  
Thrust deltas in the shallow's reach,  
Spread out the bluffs as spongy sand,

And littoral lines deflect their trend,  
Thus, in the fight's infuriate tide,  
When tragic multitudes collide,  
The files of battle swerve and rend,

Losing their rectilinear form,  
As foe-ward rolls the raging coil ;  
And dead and dying fleck the soil,  
As flotsam wreck, tossed up by storm.

Behold where firing-files have curved,  
In coast-line undulations bent ;  
Here looped in gulfs, there prominent,  
Where a bluff boldness never swerved,

And all the interspaces wide,  
Hillocked with battle's jetsam, spread  
In shapes of moribund and dead,  
There left, as by a reflux tide !

## XXII.

Down before thrust of lance or pike,  
With churl and clown, the noble goes ;  
Their blood in red conjunction flows—  
Sweet saints in heaven ! they look alike !

Pity from human hearts has fled,  
While uncloyed rage takes brutal shapes,  
And, as the wine-press crushes grapes,  
Behold the vintage of the dead !

Red in the lurid sunshine flood,  
The brandished sabres flash and hack,  
Raging in fury of attack—  
A Seljuck sateless lust of blood.

And now the heavy guns assail,  
And rank and file and columns gape  
Before the hurtle of the grape,  
Before the bursting shell's mitraille.

In jungle-growth, awaiting chance,  
Swart ambushed fiends lie crouching low,  
Till on the foremost ranks of foe  
Their storm of metal checks advance.

Loud roar defiant throats of doom,  
Shrill battle-cries and bugle-calls ;  
The bursting shrapnel-shards and balls,  
Staining the soil with crimson rheum,

Spread Murder's fratricidal reign :  
Fear-blind, unmastered horses tread,  
Hoofs to the fetlocks, dripping red,  
With reek and carnage of the plain.



Of Bedlam scenes, no lull, no lack !  
Horrors through all the blood-lust run  
Orgies of slaughter—every one  
A homicidal maniac.

XXIII.

The wounded strew the hill and heath,  
In anguished eyes a look of hate ;  
While some, in stoic calmness, wait  
The crowning dignity of death—

Death for a good mankind will share,  
Death on the crucial field of strife ;  
Yielding their manhood, love and life,  
Casting their all in fealty there.

Some, cursing despots, ere they die  
Cheer onset with their failing breath,  
For Freedom's triumph, counting Death  
A synonym of Victory.

To others, gently does it come,  
As if a beatific dream  
Brought childhood back, and, smiling, seem  
To hear the cradle-songs of home.

All sights, all sounds are types of dread :  
The yells of hate when comrades die,  
The terrored horses' horrent cry,  
Their hot hoofs trampling the cold dead.

#### XXIV.

While ranks with equal forces cope,  
And vapor veils the lower land,  
Those rude battalions waiting stand  
Unleashed upon the upland slope,

Though imminent the conflict swells,  
Their stubborn forces ruffled not,  
Though fretted with the whistling shot,  
And harried by the shrieking shells.

And far-afield, on left and right,  
On that Aceldama of Death,  
A mist hangs poised, a cloud-land wraith,  
The vapored demon of the fight !

But now, as on the lethal plain  
Death harvests in their brother-ranks,  
And blattering Gatlings mow their flanks,  
As scythemen in the August grain,

Restraint no longer balks desire ;  
For, all alight, their sombre line,  
Lit by their volleying musket-shine,  
From flanks to centre frilled with fire,

Sends red-disaster on the foe,  
Ere in the tragic chaos mixed,  
With muskets leveled, bayonets fixed,  
To check advancing files, they go ;

XXV.

While aiding forces, ambush-screened,  
Hidden by schistous-rock and heath,  
Pour unremitted streams of death  
From deadly rifles magazined.

Then sounds the bugled "Charge !" and all  
Their thousands, as an unit wrought,  
Their weapons from the shoulder brought,  
Down to the horizontal fall ;

And on the foemen loping, leap  
In "double-quick," with shout and whoop,  
As unjessed hawks on quarry swoop,  
Made deadly from their downward sweep.

As waters stored in tarn or pond,  
By brimming affluents, freshet-fed,  
Rise swirling, foaming, gathering head,  
At last burst dike, and, freed from bond,

Rush with relentless havoc down  
The valley's slant, and in their tide  
Spread death and desolation wide,  
To homestead, hamlet, thorp and town ;

So from the hill-slopes where they stood,  
On and over the roaring plains,  
As torrents flushed by boisterous rains,  
They dash, a flashing, thund'rous flood !

The fields are deluged left and right,  
As onward, in marauding leap,  
Obstructions vanish in their sweep,  
In maelstrom vortices of fight.

Steel sun-bursts in the lurid hordes  
Like lightnings play in rising storm,  
As following horsemen charge and swarm,  
A hurricane of flashing swords.

Unchecked, unbaffled, they o'erride  
Burrock and dyke, as human checks,  
Till all the fields are strewn with wrecks,  
As seashores stormed at full springtide.

A cataract ! no pause it knows ;  
No bulkhead barrier balks the flood ;  
But on, incarnadined with blood,  
Its course in mad vendetta flows.

XXVI.

Ere yet in flux full force prevails,  
Its onward coming some espy,  
And, terror'd by its onrush, fly  
Like swirling leaves in autumn gales ;

While others, non-contentious, stood,  
Engrossed, and to amazement stirred,  
That vital movement seen, and heard  
The roar of its relentless flood.

More dread than ocean's tidal reel,  
Turbid with deep-sea ooze, to set  
At naught all human force or let—  
This, crowned with foam of tossing steel.

## XXVII.

The turf takes lavish tints of red ;  
To bayonet-lunge and savage shout  
The foremost lines recoil in rout,  
And broader strewn the field with dead.

Pitiless force ! a ravening brute !  
Its jungle-hunger keen from fast,  
So leaps the fold, and carnage vast  
Attests a tigerish glut of loot.

For not a face which, scowled and grim  
With an unsated hate, but seals  
Some foeman's fate with blows he deals,  
As Death strides hand-in-hand with him.

For all the accreted wrongs of Might  
Find hate-expression in their acts :  
Measure for measure ! nothing lacks,  
And Vengeance revels as Delight.

Retired forces still intact,  
Beholding assured doom abroad,  
Scorn flight, and though to silence awed,  
Await unmoved the dread impact.

Then to the onslaught's ruthless trend  
A solstice pause—a breathless hush—  
As prelude to the frenzied rush,  
When stubborn lines of battle bend

And break: then Havoc, thus let loose,  
Holds Molock by the free red hand,  
With Slaughter, of the triune band,  
Proclaiming neither halt nor truce.

The centre pierced, the fight is won;  
The huddled flanks in panic halt,  
Confronted by oblique assault  
From file on file in echelon.

Before a tyrant-hating race  
Some hireling troops fly far-afield,  
Or to the free-born yeomen yield,  
Trusting to Freedom's lenient grace.



XXVIII.

And now the bugles sound recall,  
And, in the blurred and blood-red sun  
(Endorsement of the action done,  
With promised darkness as its pall),

A sullen veil of powder-cloud  
Moves slowly leeward from the plain,  
Revealing dying and the slain,  
And wounded men in anguish bowed.

Now swells a fierce exultant tone,  
As Conquest to the cities comes,  
Welcomed in flames of blazing homes—  
Then silence, where the hearths are lone !

\* \* \* \* \*

The 'larums of the conflict cease ;  
The bugle and tempestuous drum,  
The cannon's rending uproar, dumb—  
All folded in the hush of peace,

As if a cataract's flood should pour  
To depths abyssmal, suddenly ;  
Leaving its air-born din to be  
A tingling silence—nothing more ;

All sound engulfed in stillness vast,  
Yet haunted by a tumult's thrill  
Once heard, and hearing weirdly still,  
The phantom-roar of battle past—

Delusions which our griefs create,  
When, heart-bereaved, we seem to hear  
The household stir of dead and dear,  
Knowing the home is desolate.

The fields from battle clamor free,  
The woodland birds, on venturous wing,  
O'er the sad meadows poise and sing :  
Nature's unconscious irony !

As specks, beyond the murk of war,  
That veiled blood-sodden soil below  
Gier-falcon, lazar-kite and crow,  
Scenting the festal carcass, soar.

XXIX.

If subject peoples would be free,  
Then every weapon's astral glint  
Should prove a herald-star, to hint  
Where lies redeeming liberty.

Low sinks the sun ; the day is done ;  
Though silent now the battle's rave,  
Its shot-torn, raveled banners wave,  
Proclaiming Freedom's purpose won.

'Mid tattered standards, shattered files,  
Haggard and gapped victorious bands,  
Paled by their pathos, Freedom stands,  
And, in her holy triumph, smiles !

She smiles on one whose dying grip  
A havocked staff, of flag bereft,  
Sustains : a ribboned remnant left,  
Of Peril's fearful fellowship.

An omened sight to look upon,  
Nimbused in sunset's after-glow—  
Those shredded buntings' rippled flow,  
Riddled to shapes of gonfalon !

XXX.

No bugled boast ! no vaunting fife !  
War's blood-shot vision grown more calm ;  
Each ravaged flag an Oriflamme  
Floating above a " Holy Strife."

Up from the underworld arise  
The sombre shades of daylight's pall ;  
And vesper-shadows softly fall,  
As closing lids o'er weary eyes.

The tragic field grows weird and wan  
As twilight deepens o'er the slave,  
Who gave to Freedom life God gave,  
Made worthless by the crime of man.

Night falls apace . On field of dread  
The pale moon looks, as if in pain,  
Where foes on foes lie swathed like grain :  
Grim windrows of ungarnered dead.

Mothers, obeying Love's behests,  
Within death's cold, impassive grasp,  
In piteous mockery, seem to clasp  
Their babes to unsustaining breasts,

Or to a vital anguish yield,  
O'er form of daughter, dead, defiled ;  
While wife distraught, and homeless child,  
Roam, moaning, o'er the woeful field.

The slaughter ended, vampire bands  
Render the lull of horrors brief.  
After the victor skulks the thief,  
And corpses stripped by hideous hands.

War ever sows its rueful path  
For gruesome product, Science saith ;  
A harvest-time of dole and death,  
With " Typhoid " as an aftermath.

Oh righteous cause, but fateful day !  
I look through tears upon the plain.  
Accursèd War ! Oh piteous slain !  
They're brothers all ! hush ! come away.

\* \* \* \* \*

XXXI.

When 'gainst mild rule the rabble plot,  
And riff-raff riot stalks abroad,  
Dons Phrygian cap, girds Spartan sword,  
Great Freedom's forehead flushes hot,

As shamed to feel her aims profaned,  
Seeing men so pervert her trust,  
Claiming her aid with lips of lust,  
With hearts so foul and guilt-ingrained.

Lay not your unregenerate hands  
Upon the ark of her pure cause,  
Feigning the acts of righteous wars,  
Lest lightnings scathe your impious bands.

If, Freedom, in thy hallowed name,  
Grim Insurrection, gathering head,  
From realm to realm, incentive spread  
To souls who lack thy sacred flame,

And, prompted by a senseless hate  
Of social laws which bind the race  
In civic virtue's linked embrace,  
Invite an anarchistic state,

Smite the blasphemers ! putting down  
The right arm of revolt, and stay  
The demagogue's seditious sway,  
That falsifies thy fair renown.

### XXXII.

For Freedom's state is not sustained  
By brawling malcontents, nor bands  
That Riot breeds, and Mob commands,  
Nor wrongs of despotisms, feigned ;

Nor slaves accepting slavery's shame ;  
But, protest spurned, petition mocked,  
Revolt in Freedom's cradle rocked,  
With Freedom seal eternal claim.

If, sanctified by Her pure fires,  
They rise to have their wrongs redressed,  
Encourage heart ! embolden breast !  
Make keen the blade for their desires !

Let holy madness thrill their veins,  
Till through their cause such passion runs  
That widows arm their only sons,  
And slaves brain tyrants with their chains ;

And despots learn how dread a thing  
It is to rouse a people's hate,  
Choosing to balk predestined fate,  
Shunning the perilled state of King—

A title freemen will not trust,  
Held by the brotherhood of men,  
As by the compeered citizen—  
Preposterous claim for equal dust !



Rarely from crime have Sovereigns shrunk  
When subject to the priest's intent ;  
The Crown before the Mitre bent ;  
Monarch, to coadjutor monk ;

Coördinating royal plans  
With those of Churchdom's evil sway,  
For man's oppression ; every way  
Its ignominious partisans.

All tyrannies have myrmidons,  
Scum-mercenaries, whom they pay,  
For murder at so much a day,  
And raping mothers, slaught'ring sons ;

The realms perplexed, with feud and schism  
'Twixt royal greed and public weal ;  
A people's rule constrained to deal,  
At last, with clearest absolutism.

XXXIII.

While strife and faction threatening swarm  
Around the Old World's feudal holds,  
What blest tranquillity enfolds  
My own dear land amid the storm !

Starward with ever changeless gaze,  
Progressing in her path benign,  
Visioned with some predestined fine,  
Undreamed in childhood's primer days ;

Casting the larval-shell of birth  
From pupa-chrysalid, to rise,  
Winged for a flight of high emprise,  
Among the potencies of earth ;

In good, ascendant 'mong mankind,  
Holding a cheering light, whose ray  
Of Nadir-night makes Zenith day,  
And freedom sought for all to find.

XXXIV.

When nations, weary of the cant  
Of the dogmatic pietist,  
And, made by culture, wise, resist  
The claims of the Hierophant,

And ruthless rule fails to divorce,  
From honored labor, half its store ;  
And peaceful masses dwell no more  
Will-shackled in the grip of force ;

Then feuds will perish, wars will cease,  
Freedom invoked, a God adored,  
And all mankind, in full accord,  
Chant pæans to perpetual peace.

The birth of love and kindly laws,  
And loud the people's anthem swells,  
Melodious riot of the bells  
Aiding humanity's applause.

XXXV.

Though now, not vexed with war, like these,  
Nor Insurrection's vandal rage,  
Who knows that thy historic page  
May not claim grave appendices ?

Thou'rt Freedom's Life-Guard, yet forsworn ;  
For Slavery, like pyæmic taint,  
Poisons thy force, and thou art faint,  
Like a young Samson lewdly shorn.

Thy foes are internecine ! Dense,  
Myopic blindness ! not to see  
Th' antithesis of Liberty  
That stultifies thy proud pretense.

Their bonds of Union do not bind !  
Trusting in Freedom's home to bide,  
And make their Slave-Colossus stride  
Athwart the Haven of mankind.

Not these alone the foes to heed,  
Nor worst of despots gun and sword ;  
Chief among thralls, and most abhorred,  
The bondage of Belief and Creed.

\* \* \* \* \*

### XXXVI.

#### INTERLOCUTORY.

The world is full of noble deeds,  
The Doers' paths rose-leaved with Fame ;  
No primrosed ones my days may claim,  
Brambled and pranked with idlest weeds.

If God, my purpose blessing, would  
Look kindly on the grain I sow,  
Scattered in human hearts, to grow  
And ripen for the general good,

Blessing my brother-man, then I,  
Cheering my joyless years, may boast  
I helped through life, my uttermost,  
To slay a God-dishonoring Lie.

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To slay a God-dishonoring Lie.

To no malignancy inclined,  
But done to cure distorted lives,  
And, like the surgeon's probes and knives,  
Though seeming cruel, yet are kind.

And earth might never more hear prate  
The Pulpit's strategists of fraud,  
Their blasphemies denounced and scored  
With everlasting human hate.

XXXVII.

The Church is gospel-armed, and rife  
With equipage for human woe,  
Wide-jawed for prey, the deadliest foe  
Of larger intellectual life.

Humanity's uncultured throng,  
Debauched and credulous, sustains  
Its tumored Lie, which now remains  
Th' imposthume of an embossed wrong.



From hence aborts a dangerous breed,  
Debarred from culture, bound to stay,  
Through ignorance, the spoil and prey  
Of sacerdotal guile and greed ;

A state whose sequents none can gauge,  
Holding, in ever procreant prime,  
Germs of venality and crime,  
To stain the annals of the age.

XXXVIII.

Must Superstition ever blind  
Humanity to Truth, and laud  
Gross records of a barbarous horde  
As God's revealments to mankind?

Are there no tyrannies but thrones ?  
Beneath the Priest's empiric rule,  
Believing man—weak, hood-winked fool !—  
In abject bondage, trusts and groans.

Are there no slaves save those who wear  
Fetters of metal? Faith will breed  
Helots of dogma, cult and creed :  
Are such less worthy Freedom's care ?

Bankrupt of life's delights, to go  
Scourged to their graves by human ill,  
Slaves of the priest's relentless will,  
Ruled by a Christ-masked ruthless foe.

Must faith in falsehood still be kept,  
Though cultured Prejudice assign  
To an Intelligence Divine  
The fraud of Priests, in guile adept ?

How long will generations heed  
The fictions filched from Pagan store,  
To be their manual evermore,  
And guidance in their utmost need ?

XXXIX.

From immemorial solitude  
Of prehistoric times there ran  
Babble of paleolithic man—  
The unshamed races of the nude—

Which, in the course of æons, came,  
Through Star, and Sun, and Serpent cult,  
And grosser worships, to result  
At last in an Akkadian frame

Of allegoric gospel ; planned  
By Astrologic Holy-Sees,  
With esoteric mysteries,  
Which few could ever understand

(Thus all discovery defy),  
To be “God’s Word,” and so rule earth,  
Throughout its peopled length and girth,  
WITH A CHICANE, PRESUMPTUOUS LIE !

Then back, from alien bonds unbound,  
Came Israel from the Orient,  
With dreams of shekel cent-per-cent,  
To Zion, and marts trade-renowned.

Still in inherent bondage held  
By habits they could not ignore,  
They tricked their God and Biblic lore  
In "outfit" of moth-eaten Eld.

"Old clothes" of Babylonian myth,  
Bartered when slaves, Chaldean-made,  
The staple of that stock-in-trade,  
Religion now is costumed with.

#### XL.

In astronomic mythos bides  
The secret of that knavish plan,  
Wherewith the priest befools the man—  
A scheme which Allegory hides.

Of Pagan deities no lack !

As sun-types in the cults of old,  
Gods in mutation signed and rolled  
Throughout the girdling Zodiac.

Messiahs, Buddhas, every one  
Of all the gods to Pagans known,  
Pass o'er the constellated zone,  
Precessioned as th' incarnate sun.

And Christs have come and passed like these :  
Such Gentile allegories wrought  
God-ävatars by mythos brought,  
Circling through cyclic Neroses.

And on the globe's solstitial-cross,  
There crucified, and sepulchred  
In Winter's dark, find death deferred,  
To rise in Life's redeeming force.

Here the Christ-fable seems to be  
To its inception clearly traced :  
The scheme of man's salvation based  
On spurious myth-typology.

The Sun-god Christ's career thus given  
In signs zodiacal ; and there  
The stars the gospel fraud lay bare—  
The fable found, sun-typed in heaven !

Conspicuous truth to him who weighs  
Belief in reason's scales, and drilled  
In allegoric lore, or skilled  
In metaphor of by-gone days.

To every faith on Earth that's been  
The Sun-God is the master-key,  
Unlocking every mystery  
From Brahma to the Nazarene.

Thus on veiled fact delusion feasts,  
And thrives, till Truth's shekinah comes,  
And, with its radiant presence, dooms  
The dismal Dynasty of Priests.

Fooled by a God-revealed pretence,  
Making man's gross imaginings  
His gospel-falsity of things,  
*Acts of Divine Intelligence—*

A Church, established on that base,  
Becomes a potency in wrong,  
With guile and fraudulency strong,  
To blind, enslave, degrade the race.

XLI.

Are martyred "masses" doomed to die,  
Of half the charms of life bereaved,  
And, ever trusting, be deceived  
BY ONE INTERMINABLE LIE?

Of one more evil to beware  
With which th' unstinted world is rife;  
To quicksands on the shores of life  
One more illusion, one more snare?

Through brake and quickset, graveward plod?  
Is Justice lapped in indolence,  
And niggard of Omnipotence  
Etheric Force which man calls God?

A creed whereby the Christian views  
    (Through bigotry's demented whim)  
    As *truth*, that suffering pleasures him,  
And therefore baits his chosen Jews.

This graceless monster to endure  
    A sore affront to common sense ;  
    From loathing him, the abstinence,  
Merit to make Salvation sure.

XLIII.

To any Heaven, a sheer disgrace :  
    By an allotment wrongly made,  
    It should have been reversed instead,  
And Hell's archangel in his place.

Though doubtful if Apollyon well  
    Could suffer long such sing-song fate ;  
    But, hating dullness, abdicate  
In favor of more cheerful hell.



Against such Gorgons reason wars.  
Abhorrent to the cultured thought !  
Yet by gross-minded priestcraft wrought  
*As imaging Primordial Cause.*

A dream that vulgar mind controls,  
Where ignorance holds cruel sway ;  
Such scarecrow Gods weak hearts affray—  
The nightmares of unwakened souls.

Yet Christians such belief avow—  
Religion in which scholars trace  
The tokens of a breech-clout race :  
Is Demon worship extant now ?

A worthier god " Isaiah " planned,  
And " Micah," than a fiend like this,  
The Demon of the Genesis,  
By all unbiased natures banned.

XLIV.

When through the weird primeval seas,  
That, Chaos-born, knew yet no calm,  
Hideous-Octopodiæ swam,  
With Saurian monstrosities ;

And reptiles of Jurassic times  
Swarmed land, swam seas and winged the air,  
If embryo man coeval were  
With forms of Oölitic slimes ;

The inborn "god-idea," unripe,  
Might in the protoplasmic mind  
Favor a Mesozoic kind,  
A god of Jehovistic type.

By Evolution's laws expressed  
In the brute man, this God evolved,  
From all divine allure absolved,  
A free development's arrest.

Pantheons of like grade have thus  
To the black ranks of falsehood fled,  
All, metaphorically, dead  
As Pharaoh of the Exodus.

Beshrew such bestial gods and grim !  
The Man, with gentle manhood fraught,  
Is nearer to Divineness brought  
Than Yahveh or the Elohim.

XLV.

Must God to mortals ever be  
Anthropomorphic to their view?  
The simulacrum of a Jew,  
Made monster by theanthropy?

Concept of Deity, alloyed  
By mixing in the barb'rous plan  
The savage prehistoric man,  
Evolved from Pithecanthropoid.

God-modeling Priests, do you not see,  
In matrix pouring man and myth,  
In flux with godhead, you therewith  
Have cast a pagod prodigy ?

Gross moulding art ! vile plastic plan !  
The human still in brutish grade,  
With mythic god amalgamed, made  
A most ungodly god for man.

Could naught but brutal falsehood quell  
Man's errant nature ? naught else lead  
To virtue, and to goodly deed,  
But horrors of prospective hell ?

Is *his* a love to emulate ?  
Or justice, that this Ghoul decrees  
For error, *endless agonies*,  
Which is but an eternized hate ?

'Tis not the laic soul that feasts  
On visions of unending pain  
For erring man ; such hatreds reign  
Alone in demon-hearts of Priests.

For Priests, since man's *invented* fall  
For human childhood and its prime,  
Have fashioned gods in every clime,  
And typefied themselves in all.

XLVI.

From finite limits ne'er exempt,  
Can mortal man life's mystery solve?  
Or, from this God in vogue, evolve  
A loving Father?—vain attempt !

There is no God like this, abhorred ;  
None, save in the degraded mind ;  
Falsehood and cruelty combined,  
With its base passions in accord.

Vile parody of Power Supreme !  
Which, by a cozening sect portrayed,  
Has blasphemed God, fooled man, and made  
Religion but a Bedlam dream ;

A fable schemed by priestly arts  
In days of ignorance and lust ;  
A monster that excites disgust.  
Not worship of the loving hearts ;

No loftier aim than power and pelf  
And arbitrary rule to win ;  
A priest-made god of human kin,  
The image of his beastlier self.

XLVII.

Who dare to mock *The Lord of Truth*,  
Proclaiming love for gods like this ?  
A Heaven of mere psalm-singing bliss ;  
Hell, to fill fiends with tearful ruth.

Shameless imposture ! strangely odd  
That man, of Reason justly proud,  
Should be in supplication bowed,  
Before this most preposterous god.

Subvert the idol ! straighten knees !  
Erect, arise and kneel before  
A Presence worthier to adore  
Than fabricated gods like these !

Above such morbid horrors rise !  
Pretendedly beloved—as true :  
This Mumbo-Jumbo of the Jew !  
Th' embodied form of gross surmise.

XLVIII.

Wherein have we the right to boast,  
Or Anthropophagi revile,  
Breed of some lone Pacific isle—  
Or Kongo's, or Biaffra's coast,

In making hideous gods, expert ?  
Who worship one with fervid air,  
Till, unpropitious to their prayer,  
They daub its camoised nose with dirt ?

As well that human faith should be  
In Molock of the bloody rites,  
Or Demon of Gehenna's lights,  
Or goat-hoofed Pan of Arcady ;

In Gods of Battle, Gods of Peace,  
In Siva, Vishnoo, Baal and Bel,  
In negroid Buddha, and as well  
In all the rabble gods of Greece.

From Egypt's clime, as fair results,  
Seràpis, Isis, Apis, Ra,  
Osiris, or the Latin Lar,  
Penàtes of the household cults,

As well in Obi and Voodoo,  
Or Theurgy and magic runes,  
In cantrip, thaumaturgic tunes,  
The fetish-rites of Timbuctoo ;

As well to crossed-legged Brahma bow,  
Or Punjab-gods for Sakti's sake,  
The Lingam, Yoni and the Snake,  
And reverence the Holy Cow ;



As to the phantoms, priest-devised,  
To fright the souls of simple men,  
Making the human mind a den  
Of monsters apotheosized.

XLIX.

For Christianity creates  
No longer faith that binds and blinds  
The large majority of minds,  
Save those of marked degenerates.

Cored with an astrologic pith  
Of sun-god worship : swathed and rolled  
In cere-cloth of beliefs of old :  
*The embalmed mummy of a Myth.*

Yet if, in this more cultured age,  
Some show hereditary taint,  
Faith is but hypocritic feint,  
Masking a coward vassalage ;

Or issue of the pious kind  
Of fable dealt to innocence ;  
While flaccid yet its waxing sense,  
Stamped on the child's receptive mind.

L.

Man knoweth not the Primal Cause  
In blind Hyrcynian mazes hid,  
Which nothing mortal e'er will thrid  
To find the Image he implores.

To vestal heights of mountains flee,  
Pour out thy soul in tearful prayer,  
Yearning to know if God be there,  
Yearning to know what God may be.

Search endless space and time, and steep  
Thy heart in lovingness, and call—  
Where art Thou, God? From each and all,  
Silence unutterably deep.

Outvoice the controversial roar  
Of ocean tempested ; and let  
Concurrent Universe abet  
The questioning—thou'lt hear no more.

In painful longing be not led,  
Tortured by an expectant ear,  
An answering voice thou wilt not hear,  
Though thou wert patient as the dead.

In atoms to the Cosmos wrought,  
In mind, in matter, light and air,  
In all that is, and everywhere,  
HE IS—impalpable as thought.

LI.

Can Finite grasp the Infinite,  
Gaze on transcendencies that dim  
The vision of the Cherubim,  
Who, while adoring, veil their sight ?

As vain for human mind to guess  
Abstraction's form, as to expand  
Eternity ; or understand  
An unhorizoned Nothingness.

The Inconceivable by Man !  
Essence of Space ! Primord'nate Law,  
Limitless Energy ! before  
Matter's Eternity began.

Of Him we cannot postulate  
Relation with nor Time nor Space,  
Delusions of our mortal race,  
Mere fictions of a finite state !

His all-pervading essence sent  
Through His Majestic Universe,  
Cognate with substance most diverse :  
In every atom immanent.

Beyond Imagination's reach !  
To Man, unthinkable as light  
To the "born-blind," or human sight  
To simple mollusk on the beach.

Beyond the concept or the thought  
Of earthly or seraphic mind,  
Vain all ambitious search to find  
Creative Power, the Godhead sought.

Though all things perish, He no less  
Remains pure Spirit, 'biding Love,  
Whose arcane influences move  
Through Nature's steadfast Everness.

LII.

Speechless with reverence I stand,  
O Thou transcendently Obscure ;  
Almighty ! Pitilessly Pure !  
Godhead's superlative of Grand.

With bastard births the age is thronged,  
And creed-born malformations live,  
With God, as Father putative,  
His name by such abortions wronged.

To this, true Culture crieth truce !  
No longer should the earth defame  
His should-be-honored Holy Name,  
By service in ignoble use,

Whose hallowed attributes to teach,  
Priesthoods are but as senseless stocks.  
His infinite Perfection mocks  
Their stunted knowledge, thought and speech.

LIII.

Stated in aphorism terse,  
Man's glory is in "pride of place" !  
For he with Him stands face to face :  
GOD IS HIMSELF THE UNIVERSE.

Finite holds no divining-rod  
For searching Infinite ; and He  
Is no objective entity :  
NATURE'S TOTALITY IS GOD !

Yet, till the soul, immaculate,  
Purged of all carnate grossness, stands  
Pure spirit 'mid pure Spirit bands,  
In loftiest archangelic state ;

Until the faculties are held,  
By which that soul can measure space,  
The confines of th' Eternal trace,  
The human paradox dispelled,

Through epochs of progression, show  
No taint of matter's crass control  
Upon the pure discarnate soul,  
Can it the God, the Father, know.

None drawing vital breath, as one  
Cere-clothed in mortal flesh, jejune,  
The human larva's coarse cocoon !  
In gross materialism spun,

And claimed as pabulum by Death,  
Who through his limitations views  
His God's moralities—a Jew's—  
And brutal creeds his shibboleth,

From Fetish on to Fetish plods,  
Evolving Deity of varied plan,  
In workmanship no better than  
Mud idols of the Rajpoot Gods.

LIV.

Assoil me, Abba ! Thou art just !  
Nearer to be to Thee my goal,  
Attained by my progressive soul  
Through paths of wonder, love and trust.

In merciless lucidity  
All hearts lie open to Thy view ;  
We know Thou lookest us thro' and thro':  
THOU ART, WHAT THOU ALONE CANST BE.

Baffled, in human helplessness,  
Within imagination's scope  
Thou art not, yet we wondering grope  
With hearts insatiate : ALL IS GUESS !



Dreaming my spirit part of Thine,  
This body, wondrous fashioned clay !  
Must humbly go its mortal way,  
My soul absorbed in the Divine ;

Or its evolving force succeeds  
The heights of being to explore,  
Standing immaculate before  
THE ETERNAL WILL ; where sequence leads,

Beholding Universes wound  
In Evolution's endless chain ;  
Interdependent, to remain  
Ever in Altruism bound.

Through termless time, in bourneless space,  
Cognate with boundless floods of soul  
That countless Universes roll,  
Progressive, to behold His face.

LV.

Lacking the spirit-sight to see,  
Blind, on a wonder-deep I drift ;  
Heart-grateful for the sensuous gift  
That lets me feel *His Sovereignty*.

The world is full of wrong and strife,  
Yet patiently I draw my breath ;  
Since He has made the dust of death  
The breath of everlasting life,

In spiritual spheres of bliss,  
Exempt from carnate wrong and hate :  
But love with love commensurate—  
As balm for pain endured in this.

Gladdened with hope no longer dim,  
Godward and goodward ; without stain,  
Immaculate at last, to gain  
Transcendent joy beholding Him.

LVI.

Are priests Thy earthly agencies?  
Christ hated Pharisees who preach :  
A delegated mouthpiece each,  
Of Thy Consummate Wisdom—these ?

Enormity of bold pretence !  
Immeasurable blasphemy !  
Boundless presumption ! which must be—  
To the Creator—grave offence !

No “ Hypostatic Union,” His !  
Or the man-element in Him  
Would wreck their papal Sanhedrim  
With Love’s most rude antithesis.

And, bliss in Heaven growing weak,  
The saints might pretermitt their lays,  
Cheer dullness with delighted gaze  
On antics of their simian clique.

Who could foresee their destined fate  
Were God like their Judaic Joss ?  
Partaking of the Anthropos,  
A vicious gaseous-vertebrate ?

The pismires in the garden walks,  
The wise-eyed Owls in ivy-tod,  
Know quite as much as they of God,  
For all their cant and verbiage talks.

Have their lips th' anointing chrism,  
Explaining Bible-themes, perplexed,  
And as " Thy Word " affirm the text  
In all its odious literalism ?

Giving trite-truths perverting trends  
To suit a preconceived intent ;  
And quadrate with the priestly bent,  
A selfish means to sordid ends ;

Perverting man's instinctive sense  
Of sacred truth by Jesuit guile,  
Through every form of fraud and wile  
Making mentality more dense ;

Or theorems of God advance  
As guides through doctrinal morass,  
Illumined by mephitic gas  
From cess and slough of ignorance ;

Or with dogmatic precepts prod  
Doubters in paths to true belief  
Of their crass bigotries : as if  
Creeds were love-philters for their God.

LVII.

In vain *their Sacred Order Caste*  
On blockhead skulls lays Holy Hands :  
That rite no gift of brains commands,  
Though a "bestowing" function classed.

Yet naught the priests' assurance daunts  
As knowing God, lie-brazened band !  
Too false to truth to take their stand  
With honest bivalves, owls and ants.

Promoters of an effete lore,  
They teach ; but of what worth their schools,  
Save to form serviceable tools  
With which to enslave the " masses " more ?

They hold no doctrine that exalts ;  
Their rites are pagan mummeries :  
Dark ages' puerilities—  
Their dogmas and their motives false.

Were there no virtues on the earth,  
Nor morals, till their scheme evolved,  
From astronomic myth, and solved  
The value of man's credent worth ?

#### LVIII.

Prospective Heaven cannot appease  
Their sanctimonious worldliness,  
Nor calm their cravings to possess  
Earth's carnal temporalities.

They who on paltry pulpit heights  
Of theologic Horebs stand,  
To show the Almighty One at hand,  
By their vile marsh miasmic-lights.

Religion called ! yet proves to be  
(Hiding their aim) a mask for these—  
*The few*—to live in idle ease  
Upon the *duped Majority*,

And draw from the benighted Poor  
A fund of this world's wealth, that seems  
Greater than hoarding-miser dreams,  
Which by Christ's creed they should abjure.

As much life's enemies as are  
Disease and Death, their guile destroys  
Life's stinted sum of earthly joys  
With those of some vague heaven afar ;

Holding their natures love-subdued  
By a hoax-sacrifice Divine,  
And through their simple trust, design  
Exploiting them through gratitude.

Malignant spawn of Church, that ilk !  
Worst foes of human weal that breathe !  
The pharisaic-souled who seethe  
The kid in its own mother's milk.

LIX.

When will the pillaged "masses" find  
The Church to be a foe to fear?  
How long ere the oppressors hear  
The execrations of mankind?

As in the past, so now no less,  
Its secret knaveries abound,  
And wrongs unparalleled, when found,  
Save in the Devil's diocese.

Throughout all lands, all realms, all climes,  
On concrete falsehood based and built,  
Cemented by red-handed guilt :  
A hideous lazar-house of crimes.



Nor should the Protestant decry  
The cognate cheat, the allied trick,  
A consanguineous heretic  
To little of the larger lie.

To solemn affirmation true,  
Numbers no Pagan rites affect :  
But *one* recalcitrating sect,  
Dog-like returning to its spew ;

Bestowing an apostate's name  
On Rome's sworn enemy—and now,  
False to its Reformation vow,  
Joins hands in fellowship with shame.

Thus branded, it were vain to shrink  
As one in union not o'er-fond,  
Though coupled in a cognate bond  
Like vowels in a diphthong link.

LX.

In Papal dominance a Ghoul !  
Devitalizing men ! yet feigned  
A Christ-like love of them, but reigned  
With Bismarck blood-and-iron rule.

Fiend of the Octopodiæ !  
With cupping tentacles outspread,  
By which all forms of thrift were bled :  
ARCH-ENEMY OF LIBERTY.

Resultant of an age, amiss  
In barbarous deed and bestial sin :  
The *man* without—the *brute* within,  
Made it the curse it *was* and *is*.

The spirit's unseen universe  
Throngs with the souls this Church sent there  
Through paths of anguish and despair,  
And blasted with its Christian curse.

Of victims manifold, that were  
To literal "jaws of darkness" thrown,  
To-day the oubliette-hinge's groan  
Echoes their agonized demur.

Murder its ceremonial haunts  
In Torture's screech of agony,  
The moans of martyrs—these should be  
The miserère of its chants.

Its litanies, a dismal rune  
Of sobs and plaints, and harrowing prayer,  
Screams and mad laughter of despair,  
Blood-spattered fiend from cowl to shoon ;

Conjoined with shriek from Boot and Flame,  
Heart-rending cries from Rack and Wheel,  
The Virgin's grim embrace of steel,  
Mercies invoked in Christ's dear name.

Blood, sacramental robes impests !  
Blood taints the Palliums, Albs and Stoles !  
Blood on the grimed anathemaed souls  
Of those who wrought its fell-behests !

LXI.

Never to selfish means averse,  
With sombre interests ever rife,  
The Incubus of Higher Life,  
And Degradation's foster-nurse ;

How long will it have force to flaunt  
Sham potencies for souls that grieve?  
How long will cultured minds believe  
Its doctrine's consecrated cant ?

Or its Religion—miscalled "true"—  
That once bound feudal earth in gyves  
Of proof-armed ignorance, and strives  
To rivet shattered mail anew ;

Restoring mediæval times :  
And retrogressive horrors come !  
With fire-and-fagot martyrdom,  
As holy sanctifying crimes.

Reviving days of Heretics,  
To Torquemada tortures forced :  
And blameless souls a holocaust,  
Flaring the dark, like flaming ricks.

LXII.

Days which posterity still mourns,  
When men by toxic faith were crazed,  
And like to torches Hebrews blazed,  
And witches crackled, too, like thorns.

Decades when knowledge lay inert,  
Cadaveric : Ignorance its pall ;  
When God was naught and Church was all ;  
Eras of Pestilence and Dirt ;

Ages of Priestcraft's shallow tilth,  
With harvests of exuberant crime,  
Of public foulness, private grime :  
Epochs of frailty, faith and filth.

A state which reechy monks advance  
To quite a sanctifying grade :  
A close conforming grime displayed  
To Dirt's canonic ordinance.

LXIII.

Dare not its creed or ritual blame,  
Or go anathamaed to thy death,  
Make " I believe " thy shibboleth  
Or, like a human fagot, flame.

Its virus-cup drank to the lees,  
Its ruthless grasp of simple minds,  
Reason debauched—the sight it blinds  
With cowls of inane sanctities,

And law of pious-fraud controls,  
Fearless of God whom it blasphemes,  
As sanctifying worthless schemes  
Of nostrum-rites, for curing souls.

Oh ! woeful realms bereft of joys  
That Freedom brings, and Freemen prize :  
Take heed ! for thus Cassandra-wise  
They warn "these times" unheeding Troys.

LXIV.

In its subjection, Races die  
Anæmic from degeneracies ;  
Of cruel bonds and tyrannies  
Ever the unscrupulous ally.

Nations with vertebrate power bent  
To shore this tottering faith of Rome,  
Losing dynastic force, become  
Decadent empires, doomed and spent.

Clairvoyant !—why should I be dumb,  
Though giving to the world, unsought,  
The visions of a sight o'erwrought,  
The foregleams of results to come?

Behold their destiny in this !

Faction and Feud, the paupered Purse,  
Cabal, Sedition's secret curse,  
Retributive as Nemesis.

Imposture yielding bitter fruits !

Corruption, Treason, Fiscal Cheats,  
Riots, Rebellions, Wars, Defeats,  
Acting as Parcæ substitutes.

Vile forms of tyranny abide,

Ruled by the gutter and the ditch—  
Nobles, in worthless titles rich,  
But beggars in all else beside.

Hordes of recanting votaries, lust

For impious act ; their Priests they nag,  
Spit on their ivory Christs, and drag  
The Agnus Dei in the dust.

Church pageant naught but insult meets,

In loathsome missiles Mobs delight,  
Its pomp reduced to fearful plight  
By ordure from the reeking streets.



And nameless horrors still to be,  
When Law lies dead, and License raves,  
And o'er their desolation waves  
The baleful flag of Anarchy ;

While through a still-pursuing fate,  
Which their retrenched puissance saps,  
To debile impotency lapse  
As Powers effete or inchoate,

Which to Oblivion recede,  
And fossiled in the Ages' drifts  
Lie hidden, 'till some Future lifts  
Their Past, to heirs of saner creed.

Without, perchance—and who were loath?—  
Supernal Power designs to keep  
The rotting faith, a midden-heap  
For Liberty's intenser growth?

A richer compost could not be  
Than offal which has martyred man  
Since Orthodoxy's flux began—  
Sewage of Mariolatry.

LXV.

Why not to Thammuz cult resigned  
And not to this, so modern crude?  
An Adonèan pulchritude  
A likelier "fetch" for womankind,

Though men might not be of the host  
Who worship Mary! Mary's fame  
Was polyandric, and became  
Polygamous with man and ghost.

Her sex's mind, with *aptness* scored,  
Proves vantage for the priestly guild:  
A bigot-base on which to build  
The superstructure of a fraud.

Well knowing this, and the effect,  
The female child is put in train,  
For stamping on its plastic brain,  
Life-long delusions of the sect.

For she is mother of the race,  
And at her knees the man-child taught  
A false belief--so cunning-fraught,  
Even wiser years may not efface.

Thus myriad mother, legioned priest,  
Pervert the child-world's plastic mind  
With fabricated facts which blind,  
Maturity till life has ceased.

And thus a propaganda schemed,  
For sowing holy tares broadcast :  
A Devil's harvest, far more vast  
Than Pope or Cardinal e'er dreamed.

LXVI.

A faith with Orthodoxy shod,  
Tramples all doubt, nor leaves intact  
Man's warder, Reason ; thus, in fact,  
In routing that, assails his God ;

The *True God* of the inner man,  
The spiritual essence, made  
His guard, his guide, his helpful aid,  
Throughout his being's mortal span.

Its record never can appease  
The kindly heart's instinctive hate ;  
Its joy in cruelty, innate,  
The curse of all Hierarchies.

The kindest nature will rebel !  
Mercy, with Fury-rage beset,  
Making the tenderest hearts regret  
That for *its* dole there *is no* hell.

Its juggling priests, its tonsured knaves,  
Degrade the man to human brute,  
And, armed with power absolute,  
Convert their dupes to abject slaves.

LXVII.

With ignorance the septic root  
Of sacerdotal rule : from whence  
Issues decretal, "abstinence"  
From "knowledge," and its "mystic fruit"—

Establishing a world-wide thrall,  
Convinced, if mankind disobey,  
Nourished by "fruit forbidden"—THEY,  
Not contumacious man, *must fall*.

For Knowledge, thus enlightening man,  
Would make their guerdon dearly earned,  
Their vicious purpose seen and spurned,  
Spoiling their Scarlet-Woman plan.

To issues of their teachings blind  
Throughout their miscalled Holy See :  
The embodiment of tyranny  
That dwarfs the Tarquins of mankind.

But when the dens and dives and stews  
    Know their abuse, with slaughter lusts  
    They'll make reprisal holocausts  
Cry quits with Saint Bartholomews.

They know not yet the *how* or *when*  
    Till freedom points the time and path,  
    And they arise in hideous wrath,  
Like maw and claw from wild-beast den.

LXVIII.

'Twixt what is known and preached, a schism ;  
    And mythos made to mask as Truth.  
    They know God's attributes forsooth,  
Whose mental state is sciolism !

The lust of sordidness their dower,  
    The mammon muck-rakes of the earth ;  
    The human soul of trivial worth,  
To harpagons of wealth and power.

Their craft is subtle, vulpine, dark.  
For knowledge there is no advance ;  
But swarming hordes of ignorants  
Prove quarry for the Hierarch.

Of dismal Superstitions, worst  
Of all, infecting souls with dread :  
Crime to the heart, Crime to the head  
Denounced, condemned, proscribed, accurst.

LXIX.

Beliefs which pure ideals smirch,  
Traditions which proved facts belie,  
And rites of purest pagan dye,  
Embodied as a Holy Church ;

All honesty in fable sunk,  
And chicane gospel-script o'erlaid  
With texts its iron rule to aid ;  
Mere forgeries of the lying monk.

They plagiarized the classic trick  
Of heroes apotheosized,  
Honored with holy shrines, and prized  
As Gods parthenogenetic.

Their holy truths, mere *drama*, spiced  
With flavors of the mummied past,  
God after God enhanced the cast,  
The plot, denouèmented with Christ.

Its rites exalt not, but deprave ;  
It breeds a stolid, brainless brood ;  
Few of the virtues of the good,  
But all the vices of the slave.

LXX.

The poor, the humble sons of toil,  
The lowly-born, its prop and stay ;  
A cowed and tonsured caste betray,  
And hold in durance as their spoil.



Its power, the active cause and chief  
Of all their ills of want and crime ;  
Besetting Ignorance in time  
Coherent with pervert belief.

Dogma-obsessed hordes that feast  
On gospel-garbage live and die,  
The victims of an impious lie,  
Dupes of a Church, its creed and priest ;

Their hate of slavery subdued  
By their God-vicars self-ordained,  
Their mental badge of slave retained  
And fostered by rank hebetude.

More barbarous than Turanian Huns,  
Though dwelling in instructive light,  
They still remain, in its despite,  
As brainless as chloritic nuns.

Disciples these in priest-controls,  
Whom cloistral idleness relieves  
From worldly lure ; yet who believes  
Their bodies convents of pure souls ?

LXXI.

Born, bred and reared in ignorance,  
Struggle for higher-life suppressed ;  
Delights of knowledge scorned, unguessed,  
At war with culture—à *l'outrance* ;

In fable from their cradles steeped,  
And forgeries of ages past,  
Foes of all useful doctrine classed  
With proven fact, by Science reaped ;

Their search for Truth of no avail !  
She dwells not in the wells defiled  
By Superstition ; still beguiled,  
Though knowledge holds the Holy Grail.

Their burdens all life's worth enthrall !  
To their real source of suffering, blind ;  
Ever pursuing hope, to find  
A heart-ache at the core of all.

For such must life with grief abound ?  
    Seeking its gold and gath'ring dross,  
    Bearing in poverty their cross,  
With thorns their toil-worn foreheads crowned ?

Reason debauched and long adust,  
    The burthen of their faith abides,  
    And their most worshipped, guards and guides,  
Fooling their simple, patient trust.

Thus ever doomed to haunt the prison,  
    The sepulchre of buried Truth,  
    With fruitless search and useless ruth :  
The tomb is there ! *but Truth has risen.*

LXXII.

Reared in the blasphemies of Faith,  
    'Gainst reasoning sense a war is waged,  
    Their earthly misery assuaged  
By that true Mercy men call Death.

Earth has lost all delight and lure,  
Misfortune's flood they fail to stem,  
The world is weariness to them,  
"Life is disease and Death the cure."

To pain no mitigating pause,  
Nor to their weariness repose,  
Until upon their misery close  
The tomb's inexorable doors.

To their well-being most unwise,  
Soddened in reek of ignorance ;  
Their hells endured, as in advance  
Of heirship of a Paradise.

Weak bondsmen to the lying lip !  
Bæotians, duped by spurious fears !  
To them this "Righteousness" appears—  
Poor helots of prelatic whip !

Their fetters neither gall nor wound ;  
Proud of the shackles that they wear,  
Are they less slaves because they bear  
Their vassal chains by Faith festooned ?

Truth's attar'd incense they love not !  
But, like the perfume-loathing cur,  
Slink from it with a dread demur,  
But yet will reek with carrion-rot.

They see a falsehood richly shrined,  
Nor doubt it truth, and do not dare  
To lift the Isis veil, and stare  
Wild-eyed at fraud that lies behind.

Will trust like theirs ne'er be outworn ?  
Their fatal folly never cease ? \*  
Leaving, like silly sheep, their fleece  
Ever on Cunning's hedge and thorn ?

LXXIII.

Are these not sons of God likewise ?  
Is Christ the only one who died  
Disprized, belied and crucified,  
Towards Heaven lifting anguished eyes ?

The only one, in agony,  
Whose trembling lips in protest groaned,  
And upward lifted head, who moaned,  
“My God, hast Thou forsaken me?”

The only ones, thorn-crowned-deviced,  
Nail-pierced by ingrates, lies and loss,  
Unsolaced on their secret cross,  
Who bear the stigmata of Christ?

Or was He but the type of all,  
In life's probation, who have found  
Spear-thrusts, in crucifixions bound,  
And drank its hyssop and its gall?

True liegemen! whom no wrongs provoke,  
By spiritual sway enthralled,  
And by tyrannic-temporal galled:  
Thus burthened with a double yoke;

In sacerdotal bondage crushed,  
Their sense of vital wrong unstirred,  
The voice of their despair unheard,  
In death's eternal coma hushed.

There is no chance for Freedom's aid,  
For minds made leprous by foul creeds ;  
There is no refuge for their needs,  
Save from the mattock and the spade.

LXXIV.

Most human institutions rest  
On Force ; therefore by force alone  
Can they be wrecked and overthrown,  
And "*Bad*" supplanted by the "*Best*."

Not till awakened man despairs  
Of Fabian methods, and essays  
Righting the vicious wrong, and brays  
The priesthood at the altar-stairs ;

Or, roused to a consuming ire,  
Dooms to a shapeless ruin all  
Tokens of their pernicious thrall,  
With cyclone razzias of fire ;

And where its trickster shrines have been  
And flourished in malefic might,  
No stone on stone to mark the sight,  
Naught but chaotic ruin seen ;

While Faith, Rite, Creed and Dogma fall,  
Swept to some Hinnom's vague abysm,  
With all their pious Ku-Kluxism,  
Like sweepings of a Kaffir-kraal—

Careless of what such deeds forebode !  
Though crucial wars leave lands forlorn,  
Often, through sorrow, good is born,  
And true reforms achieved in blood.

Better the Nation win the name  
Agnostic rather than of Sect  
Of tainted creed, with fraud-defect,  
And doomed to be the era's shame.

Destined to fall in cognate line  
With like delusions of the race,  
And totter from its worthless base,  
Like by-gone Faiths once held Divine.



Though Christ were truly nailed to cross,  
Redeeming man from literal hell  
(Arrant untruth), yet 'twere not well  
The fable lack suggestive force.

A legend of the Sanskrit brand,  
Known to the earlier world to be  
A myth of Heliolatry,  
Before it cursed this Western land

As Christian faith, the scourge and bane  
Of civil Liberty, and binds  
The weazen hearts and shallow minds  
Of brainless bigots in its train.

If crucifixion once sufficed,  
In fable, to redeem mankind,  
A freedom-loving race might find  
Its guerdon in enacting Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once from the cross, and seeming dead,  
Scorning sepulchral bonds to rise  
Immortal from the sacrifice,  
With glory's nimbus garlanded,

LXXV.

The mills of God may slowly grind,  
But yet they grind austere fine,  
For those who check a gift divine,  
Dwarfing the Reason of mankind.

For that is His most precious gift  
To man, whereby he kills or quells  
Misdoing brute that in him dwells,  
Scornful of aid from priestly shrift.

Atonement must be made for sin !  
Punition not as man-devised,  
A torment not exteriorized !  
OUR HEAVENS AND HELLS ARE BORNE WITHIN.

They need not dread a God austere,  
Nor tremble at THE GREAT ASSIZE !  
That's scheduled with more potent lies :  
They'll have their soul's remorse to fear.

LXXVI.

Beyond what carnate sense conceives,  
Modes of sensation may prevail—  
In that new state beyond the veil,  
Where mind its discipline achieves,

There the discarnate soul may find  
Content supreme, or pain for sin,  
Cognate with evil held within ;  
Its bliss or torment—states of mind.

And in progression feel the spell  
Of good abjured and evil wrought ;  
The life-renewed, with anguish fraught :  
*Its Immortality, its Hell !*

Death ends not sorrow nor distress,  
Nor passions that delight, yet cloy.  
Nor will it in the grave enjoy  
Nirwana's peace of nothingness ;

No sackcloth-shrift beyond the grave!  
No hell for sin's purgation there!  
But sorrow counterfeits despair,  
"For from ourselves no Christ can save."

LXXVII.

Strange! that on Freedom's soil should be  
A wrong so gross, and not create  
A protest fierce, articulate,  
Against this alien tyranny.

For Freedom's Minster should be purged,  
Its evil-workers exorcised,  
As from the Zion temple Christ  
The sordid money-changers scourged.

All teaching is a scheme o'erwrought!  
What strength of nutriment in Schools  
Diluted by the flood of fools,  
As affluent to knowledge taught?

Its rule, the metaphoric pen,  
Where wallow in their foul mischance  
The herds transformed by *Ignorance*,  
THE CIRCE OF THE SOULS OF MEN.

LXXVIII.

Its influence in government  
Is felt in evil ; chiefly here.  
Freemen have its control to fear :  
A mental-helotry its bent.

Its secret agencies forestall  
All wholesome forms of civic rules ;  
In City Councils, Public Schools,  
And every Board Municipal.

Through Club and College permeates  
Its subtle tampering, unrelaxed  
In all the fundamental acts,  
Forming the functionings of States.

Congress, Convention, Bar and Bench,  
All courts Judicial, witness-box,  
Grand Juries and the prisoner-docks—  
On these its crafty-workings trench.

By germs of Jesuit-virus strewn,  
Through all decretal syndicates—  
Few of this Wardenry of States  
Against the toxic taint immune!

Army and Navy, every branch  
Embodies a confederate band;  
Imperilling that loyal stand,  
No discipline can render staunch

In times of Peril to the frame  
Of constitutional government:  
A Church's empire imminent,  
To the Republic's fame and name.

LXXIX.

Conditions which await result  
Expected, if not preordained !  
This New-World-Power possessed, maintained  
A stronghold of the Papal Cult !

God's Vicar Vaticaned in Rome,  
Veridic Press-reports declare,  
Intends (for failing crops elsewhere)  
To make this land " His Harvest Home " !

So sweetly tolerant we appear  
Of the designing priestly league,  
So listless of this Church-intrigue  
To root its Ritualism here,

Such parasites to Papal force !  
So blind to its most plain intent !  
Till brought (its victim) to lament  
Imperilled Freedom—or its loss—

To be restored by civil war,  
And all its soul-revolting scenes ;  
With supplemental grewsome means,  
That lack the warrant of law.

The Public voice bestows no stress  
In its rebuke of these Church-pacts,  
Perchance discredits them as facts ;  
Or has the Pope dragooned the Press ?

LXXX.

Its fiat fetters noblest minds,  
Palsies the weak to impotence,  
Blunts the keen edge of common-sense,  
With those whom fallacy still binds.

While from the mold of crumbling creeds,  
A fungoid growth of dogma springs ;  
Such noxious and unwholesome things  
As cryptal gloom of error breeds.




The birthright of the Poor its prey,  
The crucifix becomes a pledge  
Of their enslavement, fatal badge !  
Human dumb-beasts of burden they !

Discipled criminals in time,  
Infesting gutters, glutting slums,  
Such are their choice elysiums,  
Fetid with moral sludge and slime.

For ignorance makes crooked the soul,  
Misshape concordant moulds the mind ;  
In one distortion both combined,  
Thus apt for criminal control.

And there as foul diseases bide,  
And like to beasts of prey from thence,  
Issue at times a Pestilence :  
Bubonic plague personified.

When Mob-law civic rule assails,  
Riot from thence its garbage spews ;  
The slough and wallow of the stews,  
And excrete of cloacal jails.

  
In haunts of vice they dwell at ease,  
But swarm from their mephitic pens,  
From Degradation's hideous dens,  
As Democratic potencies.

Thus from this source results are due  
In monstrous tyrannies of ill :  
The sovereign and despotic will  
Of gutter, brothel, jail and stew.

Crass ignorance and roguery stand  
As bulwark to the cleansing bent  
Of every favored movement, meant  
For foulness, lustrumed from the land.

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LXXXI.

Banality of Franchise ! when  
In ballot-power *true manhood's* made  
Coequal with this felon-grade,  
The *brutehood* of the Dive and Den.

Briarean Mob ! of arms no lack,  
But brains proportioned to its mood,  
In ratio of amount for good,  
As Falstaff's bread to Falstaff's sack.

Will statesmen long condone th' abuse  
Of Faction's glozing efforts, made  
To use these colleagues, and to raid  
The public purse for private use ?

Results denounced, condemned, deplored,  
The age beholding them, aghast  
At crime illimitably vast :  
All office honey-combed with fraud.

A curse to county, town, and state :  
Ballot debauched, the franchise scorned,  
By rabble from the slums suborned,  
Debasing the electorate.

Hence "sham majority" achieves  
A priestly project : an intent  
To yield a City's government  
As spoil to felons, roughs and thieves.

Thus hoarded funds of Peter's Pence  
In amplitude expand, and serve  
As sinews of religious verve,  
In cultivating Ignorance.

Fair field of sacerdotal toil !  
A baneful swamp, ploughed, drained and  
ditched,  
And by a midden-cult enriched,  
Of Crime, becomes a fecund soil.

LXXXII.

Let mourning edge all civic rolls,  
For honest-rule is dead and cold,  
Corruption henceforth will uphold  
The lying verdict of the Polls.

For through the cities' dens and dives,  
And by their scoundrel-populace,  
This buckramed danger and disgrace,  
This odium of the nation, thrives.

'Twixt Church design and this, no schism !  
In flexile bonds its conscience writhes :  
'Tis pleasant penance, taking tithes  
From Jubilees of scoundrelism.

Religion-named ! yet it includes  
Methods political, to school  
Its priestly agencies, to rule  
Triumphant blockhead-multitudes.

Hence Office with the knave is rife,  
And pensioned from the cities' wealth,  
Past-masters in the schemes of stealth :  
The official curse of civic life.

Trusting and credent unto death,  
Fanatic in devotion, none  
Can formulate what may be done,  
Through impulse of perfervid faith.

Their secret ways defying search,  
Officials made of slum-born rogues,  
Whose flood of spoil no doubt embogues  
The coffers of the Holy Church.

True to the law of Pedigree,  
Of brutish stock the brute is born :  
The Church, cold-blooded, voids its spawn,  
These, its reptilian progeny.

They govern th' exploited town,  
Who should in jails find penal work,  
Yet in whose venal shadow lurk  
The cassock and the tonsured crown.

To no corrupting means averse,  
Virtue they slur, not vice decry ;  
Their propaganda financed by  
The lootage of the Public Purse.

LXXXIII.

Amid the wrongs which earth have cursed,  
Degradng God, enslaving man,  
Since Creed was schemed and Fraud began,  
This Holy Church is wholly worst.

Thearchic insolence, the base  
On which is reared the chartered crime,  
Despotic since its earliest prime,  
The bold debaucher of the race.

Its Christianity has stood  
As if with human misery charmed,  
And, with its cruel tenets armed,  
Proclaimed the *wickedness* of *Good* ;

And shed more blood, wrought more distress,  
Than all its cognate pagan creeds  
Combined, and sown its thorny seeds,  
Brambling the earth with wretchedness.

There's not within the planet's pale  
Barbaric spot or culture-graced  
On which a Church has not been placed  
Or where its cult does not avail.

Each point a strategist might deem  
Expedient in a war-campaign  
To hold intact and to retain  
For a choice subjugating scheme.

To found in perpetuity,  
The synonym of human ill,  
This Church a clerical Bastille  
Of manacled humanity.

Has Heaven a God supreme and wise  
Who fails the wrongs of men to curb?  
No horrors of His earth disturb  
The calm of His unpitied skies.

Once blasphemy its climax gained  
When for a thousand years, aye, more,  
This Church presumed to God ignore,  
Usurped His throne and ruled and reigned ;

Fouled earth with hieratic lust,  
Where crime and cruelty abode,  
Making the life that God bestowed  
Of lesser value than the dust ;

By massacres purveying death,  
Goodness impeached by rampant Crime,  
With reason strangled in the slime  
And sputa of a viscid Faith ;



Engendered Hate and stifled Mirth,  
Ranked Cruelties as special arts,  
Choked tearful Pity, hardened hearts,  
And banished Mercy from the earth ;

Encouraged Ignorance and spurned  
Skilled Knowledge from its hostile path,  
Sworn foe of Progress, venting wrath  
On all that bore the stamp of learned ;

Embittered friends, Affections killed,  
Poisoned the Truth, at Virtue sneered,  
Oppressed the Poor, at Misery jeered,  
And homes with hate dissension filled ;

For ages made its realms a morgue  
With Rack and Stake and Borgia's art,  
And every sin on its foul heart  
Named in Jehovah's Decalogue.

'Tis no religion, but a scheme—  
A hybrid cross 'twixt Creed and Greed,  
A mongrel plan designed to lead,  
In this fool-world, to rule supreme.

If e'er its ignorants should swell  
To larger legions of its cult,  
Then Church Domdaniel the result,  
And this Fool's Paradise, a Hell.

The legend of the Argonauts  
Finds its revival in this age :  
These holy Corsairs cruise and rage  
For plunder in all earthly ports.

An Argoan quest that does not cease,  
A papal Jason guides the search,  
All lands a Colchis for their Church,  
Shearing from fools the Golden Fleece.

LXXXIV.

A true unfictioned Upas-tree !  
Fecund as Banyan, every branch  
Sends down contributories staunch,  
Shadowing human Liberty.

Shall it, in ever-spreading girth,  
    Extend its darkness-loving might,  
    And in the Optimist's despite,  
Crowd Freedom from benighted earth?

A guild which first its dupes depraves  
    Through fear and ignorance, then rules  
    To make of them the bigot fools,  
The easier to convert to slaves ;

The truths of Science, scorned, denied ;  
    Progress restrained with bigot grip ;  
    The eyes put out of Scholarship,  
Faith blessed, and knowledge crucified.

Now with decrepit age infirm,  
    Yet Cunning holds the chair of force :  
    'Twixt Pride and Power no sure divorce,  
Till Pious Fraud has reached its term.

Yet with its Machiavelian trait,  
    To fellowship with reasoning mind,  
    To wholesome freedom of mankind,  
A foe no less inveterate.

When triple-crowned, enthroned it sat,  
Its cruel craft a thing to dread,  
But now the Lion's lordly tread  
Gives place to crawl of mousing cat ;

Yet would with royal prestige shine,  
The simple, with mock sceptre, fool,  
Imposture as the means to rule,  
Falsehood and Fraud its Right Divine.

With Crozier, Cross and Pastoral Staff,  
Mitre, Biretta, Triple-Crown,  
Pallium, Soutane, Stole and Gown,  
No King's regalia counts the half ;

High on the Hierarchal perch,  
Papa becomes a Pontifex ;  
And red-robed Cardinals annex  
Titles as Princes of The Church ;

Red, their escutcheon-color made  
In memory of those days of yore  
When Church was lewdly Poped, and wore  
The scarlet garb of Babylon's Jade ;

In fact, with sumptuous tailoring,  
With Rosary, Cross and Crucifix,  
With Agnus Dei, Pax and Pyx,  
Out-gewgaws any Laic King.

LXXXV.

But why its sombre pomp rehearse?  
Processioned priests and Acolytes,  
Holy-buffoonery's delights,  
Past-masters of exuberant Farce ;

Such gauds the TEACHER'S spirit mocks  
By earth-life of the pauper grade  
The Holy Mendicant has made  
The WEALTHY priest—a paradox.

The Poor, the Meek, the Lowly Ones—  
Was not the Christ of these? did not  
His earth-life parallel their lot,  
The simplest, tenderest of God's sons?

From Him in sequence, can it be  
There's no hiatus in the line  
Apostolic, from the Christ benign,  
No breach of continuity?

Is this the grain of that meek seed  
That He once sowed, or that it bears,  
Yield of the Devil's worldly tares,  
Strewn for Ambition, Pride and Greed?

LXXXVI.

To impotence its forces trend ;  
Wrenched from its grasp its temporal might ;  
While on its record rests the blight  
Of execrations without end.

What is man's boasted reason worth,  
That such a priestly-impious plot  
Could so have dazed it, and have not  
With scornful laughter filled the earth?

When will the wiser world be ripe  
To flout its God-degrading plan?  
Never, till in th' evolving man,  
The *brute* becomes a worn-out type ;

Or Time its monstrous greed betrays,  
And Laity scorns Hierophants,  
Or Knowledge, Ignorance supplants  
In mankind's every ethnic phase ;

Bearing the burden of its crime  
As the decree of hidden Fate :  
To rage in vain, but longer wait  
The slothful force of halting time.

LXXXVII.

What factor must be deemed the chief  
In Man's accepting its pretence  
Except the fool in permanence  
The dupe outcropping in Belief ?

When will Oblivion's curtain drop  
Upon this drama-act of Fraud,  
And knaves and witlings cease to laud  
The Actors with the Claquer's sop?

Will mankind never scale its worth,  
Bowed in assent to its demands,  
Withhold recoil till Doomsday stands  
Upon the threshold of the earth?

Or will triumphant Freedom bring  
Rendition of this vital theme?  
Her footfalls to the rescue seem  
Slower than leaden-footed Spring.

Protest and wrath were vainly spent,  
Hatred, derision, scoff, disdain ;  
All processes save Force seem vain,  
Slow as stalagmite increment.

Were Time but to an hour compressed,  
Or to an instant of his flight,  
That I, like Islam's Sultan, might  
Of magic vision be possessed,



To see the doom that now it braves,  
When angered Earth in wrath will bring  
Confusion to the Unholy Thing,  
And joy to manumitted slaves !

LXXXVIII.

When Man, attaining perfect birth,  
A miracle of Wisdom, stands  
In wiser world and happier lands,  
“ Think ye he'll find this faith on Earth ? ”

It cannot be his curse for aye.  
Be patient still ! can we expect  
That “ darkest Afric ” should be trekked  
Within the cycle of a day ?

When fools from folly are estranged,  
When Egoism forgets *itself*,  
When misers give the Poor their pelf,  
The Cynic to th' Altruist changed,

No Priesthood with the present linked,  
No monkish drivell, called "God's word,"  
But like the inept Dodo-bird,  
The Christian Pietist—extinct—

Relicked in old ancestral schists,  
'Mid fossilized religious thought—  
Of these (then ages past), and sought  
By Lore-Palæontologists.

LXXXIX.

Th' Ideal era reached, man may  
Of God evolve sublimer view,  
An ikon, space-wide from the True,  
Yet not the lampoon of to-day.

Instinctively averse to tax  
His Fancy in Belief's behalf,  
And give of God, a photograph  
With priestly blab for holy facts.

Heirs of the ages will revolt,  
Nor prove the victims of a scheme  
Strong in effrontery : a theme  
For Balaamites to dupe the Dolt.

XC.

Nature is slothfully sublime  
In all progressive acts which make  
Each process towards attainment take  
The phase of Everlasting Time.

As Nebulæ, in rotary stress  
Whirling, condense a lucent core  
To a sun-system, adding more  
To the weird sum of countlessness ;

Till solar energy first tossed  
Its giant outpost-planets far,  
Each seeming but a wand'ring star  
Seeking its system, strayed or lost,

Till orbital-career begun,  
Through laws that rule etheric space,  
Wheeling in satellitious place  
About the central magnet Sun—

The mind-bewildering events  
In time, since smelted Earth was hurl'd  
In void, an incandescent world :  
Plutonic bubbling continents ;

Ere yet the vaped globe condensed  
Diluvial rains, and mountain sheds  
Poured floods, which trenched their river-beds  
Through channels, obdurately fenced,

And time incalculable clears  
Paths for their onrush-way to go,  
And unperturbed at last, to flow,  
Like a good life in vale of years ;

And the crude world's depression fills  
With countless affluents like these ;  
Forming the crisp-foamed shining seas,  
Submerging fossil-salted hills

And velds ; ere Ichthyosauri swum  
The tepid waters, vapor-hazed ;  
Or Dinosaurian Mammal grazed  
Or browsed with Megatherium ;

Ere seismic force from oozy base  
Thrust up the soaring mountain top  
To altitudes which seem to prop  
The stars, and shoulder concave space ;

Keeping in lonesomeness of sea,  
With Solitude, eternal tryst ;  
Ere verdured deltas òasised  
Its impotent sterility,

Or sea-holms, in their tropic trim,  
Basked in a sylvan flora yield,  
While the grand Ocean-Organ pealed  
Anthem in storm, in calm its hymn ;

The dateless time when life began,  
Or when the vegetative earth,  
After the reptile-shapes, gave birth  
To higher forms of brute—the Man !

Æons since coral zoöphyte  
Built through the Ocean's briny miles  
Lagooned Atolls and palmy isles,  
Destined for Cannibal delight ;

Till reef, shoal-ambushed, stabs and hews  
Pirogues and Barks to foundering,  
And seas in riot, wreckage fling  
Isle-ward, the Golgothas of Crews—

So Holy Truth is never spent,  
Nor in constructive process halts ;  
In self-assertion foiling False,  
She too of Time is exigent.

XCI.

Æons must pass ere man will find  
His true creation formed complete ;  
His pious fallacies, effete,  
Limboed in strata of the mind.

His Gods, Cult, Creed, Salvation Plan,  
In Culture's drifts found stratified,  
As with the Cave-Bear bones abide  
Tokens of rudimental man.

Triumph of Evolution ! when,  
Compared with later genesis,  
The masterpiece that man *now* is,  
Mere foetus to the man of THEN.

As slowly degradations mark  
The natural process of decay,  
So no hysteric force will sway  
The passing of the Hierarch,

Sinking to legendary gloom,  
As all man's concepts—*thought* to be  
Solutions of his destiny ;  
Life's solved Enigma—and its doom.

XCII.

Thus Evolution will express  
For this "Unparagoned," the need  
That heart and intellect be freed  
From tyrannies of foolishness.

Religion is not Ethics, nor  
Is Dogma discipline designed  
For healthy betterment of mind,  
Nor revamped fable, Holy Law !

Though privileged and sordid crime  
Betray not when their end's to be,  
Seeming as if Eternity  
Had been monopolized by Time,

God holdeth all things in survey  
That mock our human sense of Right,  
And to our Dark vouchsafes no Light :  
"HIS WILL BE DONE," IT IS HIS WAY.



XCIII.

When loftier human impulse drives  
The spirit of a flagrant breed  
To emulate the nobler deed,  
Which, yielding scope to Reason, thrives

By scholarship enriched—at odds  
With all Religion fable-trussed,  
And Christian Deities, adust,  
Oblivioned with the Vedic Gods—

Science no longer held as foe  
To Faith, but mighty to avert  
From patient Truth the deadly hurt  
That will from shrewd ecclesiarchs flow ;

Behold unveiling radiance play  
Around the mysteries hidden long,  
While earth, rejoicing, hails with song  
The dawning of the promised day.

XCIV.

Then onward—for all coming time,  
To march as an enfranchised host,  
Retrieving epochs grimed and lost  
In sloughs of sacerdotal slime.

Avenging generations, thrust  
To outer-darkness, where abort  
Horrors unmatched, and ages wrought  
To forms of rapine, crime and lust,

Through an ecclesiastic thrall,  
To buttress ignorance designed,  
Despoil the masses, curse mankind,  
And push great nations to their fall :

The race no longer foul in plight,  
Blund'ring through creedal-bogs, in quest  
Of righteous paths, the priests suggest,  
Misled by "ignis-fatuus" light ;

And Reason's rays nor dimmed nor quenched  
In the mephitic fogs of Faith,  
With God no more a goblin-wraith,  
But in all hearts as Love intrenched ;

And credent man not prone to lapse  
To planes of pessimist distrust,  
For Spirit will transcend his dust,  
With Heaven no more a "GREAT PERHAPS."

XCV.

Then will the soul achieve desire  
Concordant with the height it seeks,  
Of which each true Apostle speaks  
With Pentecostal tongue of fire.

Then will Hope's fond Utopias seem  
No phantom fallacies of sight,  
But facts of palpable delight,  
And Life no vain Alnaschar-dream.

For ignorance will ebb, and mark,  
On shore-lines of recessions past,  
Where all its faiths, in ruins vast,  
Gods, Cults and Creeds, lie dead and stark.

The new-born century ablaze  
With knowledge, Superstitions show  
That leprous-pale, corpse-candle glow,  
Seen through a swamp's miasmic haze.

XCVI.

Prophets of God, were your lips sealed,  
Victims of Kabalistic spell  
That baffled speech, and could not tell  
The wondrous truths which He revealed ?

What *is* it that our Faith demands  
In biblic babblings of your race ?  
Of Godlike token no more trace  
Than footsteps in the simoomed-sands.

The paths that Argosies have trod  
O'er liquid cragginess of seas,  
Reveal as much of track, as these  
The trace of a Revealing God.

Beshrew the gospel's vile pretence,  
For logic makes conviction sure :  
All God-inspired literature  
Records of Priestcraft insolence.

Of Heavenly Father not a scheme,  
This fiction of Salvation-Plan,  
Devised to stultify the man,  
The world astound, and God blaspheme,

But master-stroke of that shrewd guild,  
With which to make mankind its slave,  
From cradled childhood to the grave ;  
In lies of its invention drilled.

XCVII.

Deluded man has been misled  
To his dishonor, shame and ruth,  
By yielding faith to bold untruth :  
*A Mythos misinterpreted.*

*Man has not fallen !* but progressed  
Through vast sequential-cells of life ;  
Through æons of zoetic strife,  
Till as a Christ He stood confessed.

The Gnostic-*Man !* of peerless breed !  
So god-like in his human grade,  
That noblest manhood has been made ;  
From *such* a model, lapsed indeed.

But not through Adam's mythic fall,  
But his divinest tenure killed  
By this Hierophantic guild,  
And its debasing bastard-thrall.

XCVIII.

Christ, as a *grand-ideal*, *then*  
Might claim allegiency, but *now*  
Should we to limitations bow  
*Of half-developed times and men?*

With vile patristic forgeries scored,  
All chronicles of Him appear,  
And legends of His earth-career  
Impugned by a puissant fraud.

Yet souls evolving on the plan  
Of purest Spiritism's facts,  
Will index what the mythos lacks  
In symbolizing ideal man.

As fuller glows the glorious morn  
Of a New Faith, old Creeds are spurned  
In obloquy, and on them turned  
Flash-lights of intellectual scorn.

XCIX.

Religions by assumptions braced  
Give no finality to creeds,  
But "*proven facts*" are what man needs—  
Faith on "*absolute knowledge based.*"

The enigma of our being, we  
Had not the faculties to solve ;  
Now, *Death, we know*, does not involve  
The Spirit's immortality.

Such truth *The New Religion* gives ;  
There is no Death ! the immortal soul  
From carnate bonds escapes control,  
And in *eternal progress* lives ;

A Pharos on that mystic sea,  
O'er which Imagination sailed,  
Yet ne'er till now one light availed,  
Beaconing Life's continuity.



C.

Though headstones, blotched with weathered rust  
As weary, holding up, unread,  
The records of th' oblivioned dead,  
Leaning o'er uncohering dust,

Seem with a solemn lesson fraught,  
Which to the sorrowing spirit saith :  
Behold the omnipotence of Death !  
Which bringeth all things unto naught,

The husk of the soul's house, at best,  
To swift decay predestinate,  
Its Tenant's—a chimera's fate ;  
Its immortality—a jest ;

Though aching heart, too pained with grief,  
To war with Doubt, which faith assails,  
Throb with an anguish that prevails  
In pathos of a lost belief ;

Naught, from that form to coffin-clod,  
Can perish utterly, which shares  
Cosmic existence, and thus bears  
The impress of the Living God.

There's nothing of which Science treats  
That knows annihilation—none  
From Energy and Motion won  
That back to nothingness escheats.

CI.

Let marvellous types all doubt disperse !  
Behold one fact sublimely taught :  
The elemental atoms wrought  
To a Majestic Universe !

Think not that those involved with thee  
Are lost ; taking thy form again,  
Etherealized, they still remain  
Thy Spirits everlastingly.

And though in testing Life's brief time  
The carnal must in earth attend  
Corruption's waste, at last to end  
Bone-phosphate and a little lime,

Yet, if the tree, the bulb, the flower,  
Earth-planted, thence draw bloom and scent,  
Such fruit and leafy wonderment,  
Think'st thou the grave owns no like dower,

New life potentially to bring  
From whence such undreamed forces lurk,  
And Evolution's functions work  
For every God-established thing?

Let human hearts with hope be rife,  
For from the dead—why not from them?—  
Come mystic growth, miraculous stem  
And radix of Immortal Life?

CII.

Regardless of the gravestone moss,  
Thy kindred whisper from the spot—  
That bond, though seeming loosed, is not  
The kinship of eternal loss—

Mere earthy sensuousness, the sum  
Of all such gross vitalities.  
What proves *its* dissolution, frees  
Force-germinal of Life-to-Come.

The Alter-ego lieth there  
By that remove, from carnal woes  
Absolved ; the Primal Spirit rose  
To Endless Life—the Grave's despair !

Its mouldering cheeks no tears have pearled,  
No pang in heart, no grief, no sigh.  
Its patient dust unchallenged by  
The clamor of the work-day world.

CIII.

Factitious death the Truth belied !  
Consigned to ashy lifelessness  
The carnal was—yet ne'ertheless—  
There is no death ! WE NEVER DIED !

Our vital spirits ever near  
To thy gross earthinesses bring  
A solace for thy suffering,  
But, poor grieved heart ! thou canst not hear.

That change transitional bestows  
Radiant-mattered life, which draws  
Godward, through Evolution's laws,  
And in the Spiritual glows.

In rays of saintly nimbus dight,  
Death can no more its life betide,  
Immaculate and glorified  
In its own palpitating light.

CIV.

Blissful belief ! by *fact* assured !  
Impugning happy eyes with tears !  
Not Fraud, whose near two thousand years  
Of evil reign has been endured.

Persuasions which the Truth portend  
In splendors of unearthly tints,  
As earth-verge golden sunset hints  
Another day for this day's end.

Belated Truth ! yet welcome light !  
That cheers life's penitential way,  
Coròna of its darkest day !  
Aurora of its sombrous night !

Mindful of stinted love we gave  
The Mother, Brother, Sister, Wife,  
When these were vital with this life,  
And careless of the certain grave.

When on that sombre ebbing tide  
That flows 'twixt Is and Is TO BE,  
And fading vision fails to see  
Through mists that fold "The Other Side"—

Then to the unveiled sight is given  
The loved and lost! What bliss intense,  
O'erwhelms the franchised Spirit's sense!  
THE FIRST PROGRESSIVE STEP IN HEAVEN!

Religion, lacking fact like this—  
A Bridge with *one* abutment-end,  
The *Other*, that which doth impend  
Above an imminent abyss,

As in a Phrase not well made out—  
An endless-life confirmed by this,  
That Death's a mere parenthesis  
Clearing the predicate of Doubt.

CV.

Give trust in God a wider scope !  
For life ends not in ended breath,  
Grasp that great Truth—and make not death  
The grim finality of Hope.

Nor be to His compassion blind :  
Our days with charmed delusions fed,  
Through Hope's fair Plaisance ever led,  
And Death pathetically kind.

If worn with sorrow tearless-deep,  
The wretched hold it not in dread,  
No more than doth the pillowed head,  
Nightly rehearsing it, in sleep.

Counting the miseries that mar  
Some lives with grief and pain oppressed,  
How grateful seems its dreamless rest !  
What anguish were Insomnia !



Oh sad, sad Earth ! can Science trace  
One, 'mid the shining worlds above,  
That seems less worthy of God's love  
Throughout His Seignory of Space !

Where still mendacious libel lives  
To poison all the wells of Truth,  
Embittering lives of age and youth :  
Yet trained in Crime the Borgia thrives.

CVI.

There is no "word of God," save facts  
Inscribed in Nature's marvellous tomes ;  
Through these all "Revelation" comes,  
And Science, as exponent, acts.

Through these God speaks ; no priest intrudes  
In cringings bent ; no homage feigned ;  
No aid in having facts explained ;  
No cassock twaddling platitudes.

Behold "God's Word:" Great Primer Type!  
Proclaims inexorable fact!  
Not theorems which Priests extract,  
As Sodom-fruit, from growths unripe.

HE cares for Bibles not a whit,  
Nor Shasters, Vedas, Alcorans,  
Nor any Testament of man's;  
His Nature's truths are "Holy Writ."

There read divinest Verity!  
There Truth the Living God reveals;  
His Power proves, confirms and seals  
His cognizance of Sovereignty.

#### CVII.

Only through Science can mankind  
Towards knowledge of the God advance;  
And not by theoretic chance  
The esoteric mystery find.

On its serene, unvaped heights,  
Though no Mosaic thunder roars,  
God welcomes wistful man, and Laws  
That are Eternal Truths, indites.

Not from "thick darkness, fire, nor cloud"  
Communeth God with tribes of men,  
Nor writes on stone with finger-pen,  
Nor with a "mighty voice" speaks loud ;

But, in the gentlest whisperings, low  
Utters to Reason and the Soul  
Wisdom not found 'neath cowl and stole  
Nor typed in Gospel folio.

With no Apocrypha in sooth !  
And we can lap our souls in ease  
In touch with Eternal Verities,  
The sacro-sanctities of truth,

Throughout His Universe bestowed,  
In idiom terse: their meaning lies  
Clear to the searching soul and wise  
God's Imprimatur of the Code.

CVIII.

True priests and prophets there are found,  
Who palter not with *fact*, to please  
Bigots nor Sects nor Holy Sees,  
But reverently "God's Word" expound.

With Books of Truth the world He fills,  
Star-typed in volumes of the Sky !  
On laminated rocks that lie  
Script on the everlasting hills,

In wondrous parl of Sun and Earth,  
Moving in stately progress, through  
The glittering empire of the blue,  
Zoned in a constellated girth.

The panoramic westward trend—  
That congregated Suns rehearse,  
With Universe on Universe ;  
Remote Creations without end.

Worlds in measureless depths of space  
Moving to music Spirits hear,  
And God-ordained for every sphere,  
For countless systems, room and place ;

Beheld through no sect-dungeon-bars  
The awed and impressed mortal reads  
God's manual, as the planet speeds  
Through Night's vast solitude of stars—

All garrulous of Him ; and so  
By no fraud-revelation ruled,  
Be not by Sects so grossly fooled,  
AND LET THE FETISH BIBLE GO.

CIX.

From tablets of the mind 'twere best  
To have ITS tutelage erased,  
And hold cerebral context, graced  
AS TRUTH'S GOD-WRITTEN PALIMPSEST.

There's more of God in weed and briar,  
More of His voice in whispering leaves,  
More of His love in Autumn sheaves,  
Than in its fabled text entire.

There's more of God in kindly balm  
Of loving ministry to grief,  
Than found in searching every leaf  
Forming the covin Gospel sham.

Sun-lighted leas, or storm-torn crags,  
Anthem of Ocean, song of Brook,  
Speak more of Him than monkish book,  
Inked o'er with lies on pulp of rags.

Or scenic splendors of the night,  
With stars and galaxy aglow,  
The sibilant hush of Earth below  
Awed in the palpitating light ;

The Forest Fane, its dim defiles,  
Groined gothic-like with arching boughs,  
The aromatic dusk and drowse  
Pervading all its minster-aisles ;

Temple of mystic God more meet ;  
O'er altars leafy baldachin  
It's mellowed sunlight, holier than  
The chandler's tallow counterfeit,

Glooming a famed basilica,  
Where gaudy superflux of show  
Insults the Want and kneeling Woe,  
And God far-off—so very far !

Yet man can not conceive as fact  
That all that's *seen or is to see*  
An "*always has been, and to be*"  
Apart from a creative act.

And not the hexaameron fad,  
Which makes ONE day in every seven  
A quack-proprietary Heaven  
For every sanctimonious Cad.

CX.

Abyssmal mysteries are these !  
The onward and the backward way  
Of endless progress—"every day  
Conflux of two Eternities."

Far better 'twere that we should praise  
And honor antique faith forlorn,  
The sanscrit-pagan creeds outworn,  
The gospels of long-vanished days—

Vyasa Legend, Hindoo Ved,  
Bhagavad-Geeta-Song—with these  
The Zenda-Vesta of Parsees,  
Th' inspired script of gods long dead ;

Or to Gotama Buddha pray  
Who in the Holy Bo-Tree's shade  
Seeking Nirvana, sat and said  
Om! Om! Om! Om! the live-long day—



Than make a fetish of the tome  
    Belittling God, and glozing men,  
    Compiled by none knows who, or when,  
Save Gnostics and the Sham of Rome ;

Beguiling-priest's insensate trash !  
    Culled from Akkadian myth, and made  
    As " Holy Writ " to masquerade,  
Serving as orthodoxal hash,

Wherewith to nourish fools ! and thence  
    Drawing the means of sumptuous style  
    From witless dupes, whom they beguile,  
Degenerates, dwarfed to impotence,

Lead lotus-eating lives, sufficed  
    With all contentments earth can give,  
    Act lordly, princely parts, and live  
The bold antitheses of Christ.

The wine of sense drank to the lees  
    Till morbid grown in its excess,  
    All things become a weariness,  
Save Power, Wealth and life-long ease ;

Regarding Life a sensuous feast  
For all to revel at, like swine,  
Not Opportunity Divine,  
For man to abrogate the beast.

While Bigotry all progress quells,  
Filling the land with zealous dupes,  
Where Scholar to the Dullard stoops ;  
And Learning wears the cap-and-bells.

CXI.

Are surpliced frauds to dwell at ease,  
Enlightened Nations as their tools,  
And earth continue breeding fools  
Of measureless credulities ?

How long to us Time's cycles seem,  
Which are, in sight of God, a day !  
This wrong cannot endure away ;  
We cannot know His Wisdom's scheme.

The life-time of a lie, in sooth,  
Seems endless to the finite man,  
And yet how very brief a span  
In the Eternity of Truth !

How strange that Freeman cannot see  
This subtle power's insidious trend ;  
Nor rise in righteous wrath, and end  
Its Despotism of dupery !

Its secret watchfulness alert,  
With ever stealthy grasp, to clutch  
The Talisman it covets much,  
Which gained, were Freedom's deadly hurt.

CXII.

Dear Land ! the School's thy talisman,  
The magian-wand that round thee draws  
The magic circle of thy cause,  
Guarding thy Freedom in its span,

And 'gainst all shapes of Demonism,  
All reason-killing spawn of Hell,  
A potent necromantic spell,  
With stalwart force of exorcism.

Keep it thy amulet and shield !  
For in constricting stress of creed,  
Freedom is surely doomed to bleed,  
Her fate ordained, confirmed and sealed.

Strangle the Python ere its coil,  
Compressing human culture more,  
Recalls the "darkest age" of yore,  
And Saxon-virtues prove its spoil.

### CXIII.

Beshrew a priest's inveterate greed !  
Rend warp and woof of web-spun frauds :  
Disprize the altar's tinsel gauds,  
Scorning the sacerdotal breed.

Dispel chimeras ! Let all eyes  
Behold with vision purged, uncloaked,  
The hideous phantoms, priest-evoked,  
Standing revealed : *Impostures ! Lies !*

Of Charity avoid the loss !  
Let it thy every act pervade,  
A form of Love that God has made  
The Universe's binding force.

Let no mere Faith thy rule debauch,  
Sanctioning dogmas ; nor yet blind  
The imperial faculty of mind ;  
Placing in Reason's hand the torch.

#### CXIV.

From all contaminations freed,  
Naught to emasculate thy might,  
Then wilt thou, eminent in light,  
Illumine "all the world indeed ;"

And in that splendor shed afar,  
A glow by altruism given,  
Before the wondering worlds of Heaven  
*Earth rolls no more so sad a star.*

Thy glories counting manifold,  
By peoples joyed with happy days ;  
Who jubilant, their voices raise,  
Till to the stars acclaim is rolled.

From zone to zone the song will run,  
While, as the anthemed-chorus swells,  
Melodious conclave of the bells  
Peal their responsive antiphon.

For all the steeped-tongues will chime  
Carillon to the cadenced chant :  
A blitheful sound reverberant  
Throughout the ringing reach of Time.

And through the trumpet-coil of fame  
The ransomed brotherhoods, o'erjoyed,  
Blow praise abroad ; earth still uncloyed  
With iteration of thy name.

CXV.

Dear Land ! unparagoned in worth,  
The pride of every patriot's heart,  
The refuge of the wronged thou art,  
*A People's rule ! the hope of earth.*

Unto thy inspirations true,  
Tread fearlessly the path of Right,  
Made clear by Wisdom's guiding light,  
And counceled by the wisest few,

From Arctic to Antarctic snow,  
And where the tropic-girdled earth  
Glows in an endless summer-birth,  
The echo of thy fame will go,

Till only by earth's bournes defined,  
With hate for every form of wrong ;  
Foe of the arbitrary strong,  
Thy Ægis bucklers all mankind.

And where thy banner floats unfurled,  
Its *stars*, as *one* in myth of old,  
Will warn the shepherds of her fold  
Where Freedom's cradled in the world.

The earth no more condemned to mourn  
The inhumanities of men :  
Nations as Christs in advent, then  
The VERY GOD OF PEACE were born.

Examples, linked with precept, must  
Relax the Despot's brutal grasp ;  
The fetters of the slave unclasp,  
Or roll unworthy thrones in dust.

#### CXVI.

Be not, as Propagandist, weak,  
But firm of purpose, strong in strife,  
For in the swarming mob of life  
There is no freedom for the meek.



Boldly asserting manhood's rights,  
No virile force on shadows spent ;  
Reason no longer impotent ;  
Free to dispute the Right of Might.

Firm in *revolt* of priest-pretence,  
Tainted with guile and low desire,  
Who as the guides to God aspire,  
While wallowing in the cess of sense.

Unbiased by corrupt appeal  
Through selfish greed in statesman-guise  
Or partisan majorities,  
Where private gain mocks public weal;

By stainless purpose ever led,  
In righting wrongs made manifest,  
Towards Honor be thy steps addressed—  
Honor and Glory wooed and wed.

CXVII.

Thou art the Chosen land where worth  
And wisdom will establish sway,  
Scourging all hoary wrongs away,  
And all the crimes of feudal birth;

Where man, in scorn of cleric rods,  
Will yet turn Churches into Schools,  
When FACT and NOT ASSUMPTION rules  
Those shrines of misbegotten Gods;

And changed in later times to be,  
With all their ruck of Rite and Creed  
(Warped trappings of the priestly breed),  
The Junk-Shops of Theology.

And Science' guiding light appears,  
And man, sustained by Truths, not Hopes,  
No longer onward blindly gropes,  
Seeking his God through grief and fears,

Nor by invented facts allured,  
Which Dupes accept, but knowledge spurns ;  
To THAT as to the Godhead turns,  
Finding Eternal Life assured ;

Not harried by the silly fake,  
In making man, God was at loss  
How otherwise than on the Cross,  
To expiate His huge mistake.

CXVIII.

Mankind's enfranchisement thy goal,  
Into Life's tragic-drama go !  
Act well thy part, it seems as though  
God had rehearsed thee for that rôle.

Uphold the speech that frees the mind,  
Enslaved by faith in worthless creeds,  
Make views clear-visioned for all needs,  
And thus free both the bond and blind.

Scorning the fictions of a sect,  
And groveling faith's credulities,  
Wipe off the dust from callous knees,  
And let true manhood stand erect.

In fetishism, nevermore,  
Searching to find, with false desire,  
Evolving Deity from mire,  
Truth's holy form from mythic lore.

Braving sectarian wrath and ban,  
Till culture has the world released  
From Rule of Prelate, Pope and Priest—  
Mere euphemisms of Charlatan.

And dogmas of all Holy Sees,  
All fictions, Superstition-bred,  
Lie like the strangled pythons dead  
Beside the cradled Hercules.

CXIX.

Avoid the curse of Church-ruled lands,  
Lest, in some not-far-distant hour,  
Thy grave prove but a step to Power,  
Made gradient by prelatie hands.

For thy predestined fate may be,  
In fostering Hierarchal lust,  
That thou wilt grovel in the dust  
Of darkness and credulity,

And swarming ignorance o'erwhelm  
Thy proud embattled Ship-of-State,  
And wreck it, through a Jesuit hate,  
Though Freedom's hand were on the helm.

And to the patriot's sight appear  
Her mournful loving eyes downcast,  
Leaving her golden age at last,  
Sad foot-prints of a grieved Astræa.

CXX.

Be pure in purpose, broad in plan,  
And with unfaltering step advance  
On that high plane of circumstance,  
That makes for brotherhood of man.

For every race is kin to thee ;  
Lighten the cross thy brother bears,  
And, with a sympathy that wears  
The impress of Divinity,

Aid Famine with thy bounteous hands,  
Succor the struggling and distressed,  
Raise up the fallen and oppressed  
At home, and even in distant lands.

Among the foremost hold thy place,  
To aid, enlighten and redress ;  
Exemplar of all nobleness,  
'Mong men the Archetypal race.

And arbitrate thy wrongs, and so  
    Avoid the crime of warring hosts,  
    Be thou a Perikles who boasts—  
“None for my acts wears weeds of woe”!

Winning a name that earth delights;  
    Of the world's welfare—truest friend;  
    To wrong subdue and right defend,  
The Champion of all human rights.

Till in all hearts thy cult abounds,  
    Effacing evils, ranks and castes;  
    And with potential vigor blasts  
The perpetuity of Crowns.

CXXI.

That all may glory in thy worth,  
    Magnetic glamour that invites  
    Nations to be thy proselytes,  
And heirs of tributary earth.

For Freedom's lustral floods set free,  
Absterse the infamies that lurk  
In Minster, Temple, Church and Kirk—  
The Augeas of Feudality ;

And in marauding flow immersed,  
Sceptre, Tiara, Crown and Stole,  
In a detested litter roll—  
The symbols of a thrall accursed.



## EPILOGUE.

### CXXII.

Perchance thy fame, evoking hate,  
Tempts envious Powers to prevail  
Against thee—and Armadas sail,  
Noting thy peace-allegiant state ;

While Britain, proud pelagic Queen,  
Beholding from her moated shores  
Their “leather and prunella” wars ;  
Knowing her kin, looks on, serene

Though her dread symbol at her gates,  
*Regardant!* but with bristling mane  
Horrent in anger, not in vain,  
Daunting the allied foemen, waits.

If e'er confederate force beset  
Her Power, and aid become a need,  
Be not outdone in helpful deed ;  
Do not forget ! Do not forget !

Unmindful of past taunting ways,  
Be kin and kind, and let her see  
How slight an air of sympathy  
Brings up a smouldering love, ablaze.

And, ever coupled with thy name,  
“ Peace and good will to men ”—to be  
With universal Liberty,  
Thy pass-words to Eternal Fame.

## L'ENVOI.

### CXXIII.

I hold in homage due the one  
Who, with a mind of subtlest thought,  
And tongue of fearless utterance, sought  
By Truth—not statements fiction-spun—

To free a purblind class, enslaved  
By Churchdom—he who pitying trod  
Their imbecile beliefs, rough-shod,  
And their mendacious anger braved.

Thy work on earth I hold divine,  
Thou gentlest, noblest man of man !  
My soul is with thee now as then ;  
And loving hands stretched forth for thine.









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